THE TWO BOBBIES

By

DOROTHY WALTER BARUCH

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DOROTHY WALTER BARUCH

illustrated by

ROMNEY GAY

BELIEVING that we do not need to search far and wide to bring adventure, mystery and romance into stories for the very young child, Dorothy Baruch has written these simple, charming tales from the child's own world of everyday.

The stories are graduated to meet the demands of increasing age, observation and interests. All have been tried and tested in the author's classrooms and they point the way for both teacher and mother to the "gentle art of story telling."

Up the tree trunk scampered a squirrel

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Illustrated by

ROMNEY GAY

GROSSET & DUNLAP

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dorothy Walter Baruch was born in San Francisco, California, and was educated at Bryn Mawr College, the University of Southern California, and at the Broadoaks Training School and Graduate School of Child Research. In 1924 she helped organize a nursery play group which was run on a coöperative basis by ten parents, and in 1927 she assisted in the organization of the Progressive School of Los Angeles, where she continues to serve as a member of the board of directors. She has lectured at the University of California in Los Angeles as well as for child study groups and other organizations; and has conducted experimental work and research with stories in various schools. She is at present the director of the Broadoaks Nursery School in Pasadena and instructor in children's literature there.

Mrs. Baruch is the author of several books: *A Day With Betty Anne*, *In and Out With Betty Anne*, and *Big Fellow*, and has contributed stories and articles to several magazines, among them: *The Junior Home* and *Progressive Education*.

TO THE MOTHER

Do we include the preschool child in our much discussed Modern Youth? Surely he is modern, although milder—at least in some cases.

We are told that the desire of the adolescent is for more stimulation than we would afford him, whereas the preschool child is satisfied with a lesser amount than we often accord him.

To quote Bobby's mother:

"Bobby is four, and I simply can't get him to listen to stories. I've tried all the grand, exciting tales I used to read and positively eat alive when I was little. But none of them seems to take!"

Do we, however, really read Bobby the stories we liked when we were *that* little? Do we not, rather, lump all our own childhood years into a general littleness and forget what happened when? Is it not possible that the stories we recall with such fond memories were read at eight instead of four?

If we would only realize that we need not search far and wide to bring adventure, mystery, romance into stories for these preschool children; if we would

only realize that their unaccustomed eyes thrust such adventure, mystery and romance into the most commonplace events, into the most ordinary surroundings; if we would only realize how these awakening children are so intently interested, so intensely aware of the here and now that their lives are too full to allow place for older-minded romance, mystery and adventure.

"Such stuff as dreams are made on . . . spirits, visions, cloud capp'd towers, gorgeous palaces?" Extraneous material as far as the preschool child is concerned. Instead, chairs and tables, flowers and trees, the ladybug and the locomotive—such stuff as stories are made on—that is, for the young child. Of what he does, of things he sees, of people he knows, of children like himself, of the little sounds and the big sounds that invade his world—in short, of those phenomena belonging to the entire plane which lies, as it were, eye-level with his not very tall self—of these he wants to hear.

Again to quote Bobby's mother:

"I told Bobby about seeing your Jimmy take a bath yesterday. I wish you could have watched his face! He was simply enthralled. Oh, dear, why doesn't he listen the same way to stories? I'm so afraid he's never going to enjoy books. I can't understand it at all; both his father and I are so fond of reading, you know."

Jimmy taking a bath! Another child taking a bath, just as Bobby takes a bath. What better story for Bobby? And yet, because it is so simple, so shorn of plot and accouterments, we do not recognize it as a story. Let us, however, reconsider. Let us realize, as Lucy Sprague Mitchell has so ably pointed out in her *Here and Now Story Book*, that out of the world of the familiar comes suitable story material for the little child.

Let us lay this as our foundation, namely, that stories for little children are properly based on the world of the everyday. Let us reiterate and reiterate until we understand fully that stories seem most acceptable to the littlest of these children when they deal with the commonplace, homely, un-extraordinary contents and events of the familiar.

Then, let us go on!

The first stories—the very first—for the small one whose attention span is also small must conform and be fittingly small. No stories, these, in the true sense of the term, but more on the order of *conversations*. Incidents taken from one spot, incidents taken from another out of the child's experience, and given back to him in the form of re-woven word patterns. Simple patterns! Brief patterns! Patterns containing somewhat of rhythm, somewhat of enumeration, somewhat of repetition in their warp and woof. Patterns in which nothing is too trivial or too

insignificant to use if it be part and parcel of the world of the child.

He eats, he sleeps, he dresses, bathes. The morning sun, the morning dew, the spider in his filmy web, the birds on wires overhead; the rugs that lie on the floor, the pottery that stands on the shelf, the pictures that hang on the wall; a milk wagon rumbling by—he will recall with gleaming eye, as they are offered him by the story-teller.

Then, as he grows older, we can make his stories longer, we can let them develop more into stories in a truer sense of the term. One incident may lead to another, one fact evolve from another, there may be an element of surprise, an element of suspense. The familiar may start to lead outward toward the less familiar. Of stories now there can be two types, the first concerned only with factual material, the second containing an imaginary touch; the first about the Really Real, the second involving more or less of the Pretend.

The question arises: Are children simultaneously interested in the Really Real stories and in the Pretend, or do they evince a keener appreciation of either type in advance of the other? Ordinarily, with the exception of the simplest form of the Pretend story where the personification of object or animal is the only imaginary element, it would appear that the usual direction is from the Really

Real on toward the Pretend, and that the younger children whose interest is evolving from the conversation type of story will be readier first to accept longer, slightly more complicated material in which there is as yet no fanciful element.

Another question comes up: Shall we offer the small child imaginary material without commenting to the effect that it is imaginary? Shall we leave him either to place fact and fiction in the same category or to differentiate fumblingly by himself; or shall we help him to a realization of what is true and what pretend? Some would have it that we must not disillusion him, that we must encourage him to believe that dolls can come to life, that animals can be magically transformed, that his faith in such-like should equal his credence in actual phenomena. These hold that by pointing out any differences between fact and fiction we are robbing him of one of childhood's most valued attributes—an utterly unhampered imagination. And yet, these same will blame him when he fails to differentiate in other matters, when his fancifulness takes on the guise of telling untruths.

There are, again, others who would have it that the world of the small child is so fraught with strange and new events, with objects and conditions not yet grown familiar, as to make it difficult for him to evaluate by himself. There are those who

believe that the imagination may drift and soar and float and expand fully as well when knowledge and reason are at its beck and call to recognize and sift and differentiate. It is these latter who believe that the story teller should preface or append his story with some remark that will shed light on what it contains of Really Real and what of the Pretend.

If classification is permissible, we have somewhat the following range in stories for the preschool child:

I Conversations:

Short first stories which, however, are not stories in the true sense of the word, but merely such description and setting forth of familiar material as might arise in talking.

II Really Real Stories:

Stories of slightly increased length in which a simple plot is introduced, and which include none other than purely factual elements, still based on the world of the familiar.

III Half Pretend:

Stories also founded on the familiar, but into which an imaginary note has been introduced.

In other words, we have for the preschool child stories dealing primarily with his everyday world but inclining in gradation from completely simple

incident to slightly less simple although still very un-complicated narrative.

At what age which? A question in search of an answer, yet unable to find any definite one. Just because the stories in Part One of this book have on the average found best response when given to two and three year olds, and those in the other parts to four and five year olds, does not mean that your particular child cannot understand any stories in the last two sections until he is four. Jimmy's interest range may be advanced, perhaps because of his greater native ability, perhaps because he is influenced by his older sister's preferences, perhaps because of other factors in his environment; whereas Peggy, the oldest in her family and of the same age as Jimmy across the street, will be ready only for the conversation type of story.

How tell whether or not Jimmy or Peggy is ready? This way and this way only: *Watch Jimmy listen. Watch Peggy listen.* For it is only through the *response* which each gives that you may find a guide by which to steer. If Jimmy's eyes brighten, if he listens with lips apart, intent in his interest, then you know that this is the age for Jimmy to have this story. If Peggy settles from her usual restlessness into a few moments of dreamy relaxation, then you know that this is the age for Peggy to have this story. If your child shows by *his* kind of *response*

that he wants to hear this story, then this is the age for *him* to have it regardless of Peggy or Jimmy.

If, on the other hand, he shows by his response that he is not interested, the conclusion to be drawn is not that the story is "bad" because it fails to appeal, nor that the child is "bad" because he fails to heed, but rather that this particular story is not the one for this child *now*. That is, *if* you have told it well; for, deny the fact or not, the way in which a story is told or read has much to do with the response which it calls forth.

1. You will want to *talk slowly* so that the child may follow with ease.
2. You will want to accompany your words with *suitable gestures*, so that he may visualize as well as hear.

   For the tiniest ones you may even want in certain stories to pantomime the content by making the object actually carry out the various activities described (as in "Bobby Joe's Engine" and "Bobby Joe's Doll").
3. You will want to bring into your voice as much *inflection* as possible so that its varying sound may help the listener to form auditory concepts.
4. You will want to *pause slightly* now and then, to give him a chance to anticipate, perhaps even to insert the remaining thought. (Places where such pause should be made are indi-

cated in the following stories by short rows of dots . . .)

5. And, at times, you will want to interject the child's *own* name in order to give him an added feeling of intimacy, or to catch and draw back to you the tiniest straying of his attention.

The younger the child the more necessary to make use of these considerations. The younger the child the more necessary, in addition, to mold the story into as *personal* a form as is possible, by deleting unfamiliar details altogether or by substituting more familiar ones. (For example, in reading "The Express Wagon," let Bobby Joe's walk take him past whatever landmarks are most familiar to your Bobby, and have no compunctions at all in substituting—say, an incinerator for the bridge, or a street crossing for the park.) It is permissible even to go so far as to substitute the child's own name for that of the child in the story; whereas the more advanced the child is, the more appropriate to include subject matter that leads out from his environment and gives new interpretations to it.

It is suggested that, in order to make the stories more meaningful, your child be accorded ample opportunity to dramatize whatever he may choose. And, finally, it is most earnestly hoped that the simple conversation type of stories given in Part One

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It is suggested that, in order to make the stories more meaningful, your child be accorded ample opportunity to dramatize whatever he may choose. And, finally, it is most earnestly hoped that the simple conversation type of stories given in Part One

for the very young child will be sufficiently suggestive as to the use of environmental content to encourage you to become your own story-maker. For we can all make stories to interest these littlest children of ours if we will but allow ourselves to drift back and back and back into the dimness of our own childhood and let the world of the familiar become once more glowing.

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Part One

LET'S TALK

BOBBY JOE

ONCE there was a little boy. His name was Bobby Joe.

He went to bed every night, just the way you do. He got up every morning, just the way you do. He ate his meals, and took his bath, and put on his clothes, just the way you do. And he played just the way you do, too. Oh, how he loved to play!

He would run, run, run, out into the sunshine. He would dig, dig, dig, in his sand box. He would swing, swing, swing, back and forth, back and forth on his swing. He would ride, ride, ride, on his kiddy kar. He would jump and skip and hop, and hop and skip and jump.

There would be a smile on his face, and a twinkle in his . . . eyes; and red, rosy spots on his . . . cheeks. He would clap, clap, clap his hands; and tap, tap, tap his feet.

Oh, how he did love to play!

BOBBY JOE'S DOLL

Bobby Joe had a floppy doll.

His doll could stand up (like this).

His doll could sit down (like this).

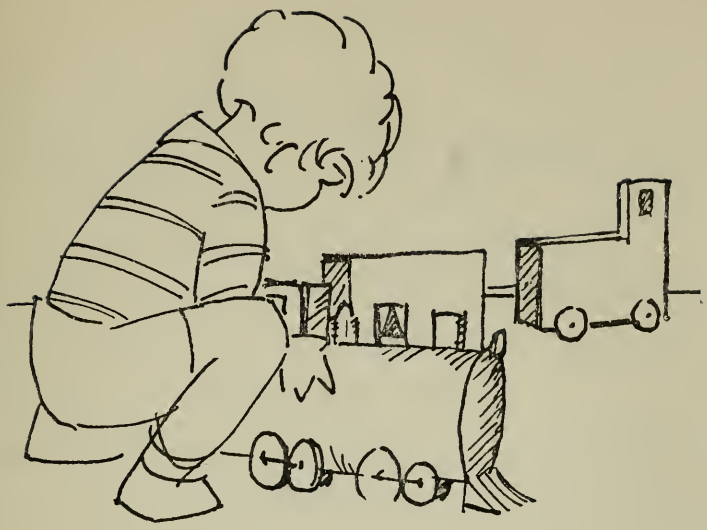
His doll could walk, walk, walk.

His doll could kick its feet (like this), and wave its arms (like this).

And it could shake hands with you—this way—"How d'you do!"

His doll could jump, jump, jump; and roll, roll, roll; and turn somersaults.

And then—sh!—his doll could go fast, fast asleep. Sh! Fast asleep.



BOBBY JOE'S ENGINE

Bobby Joe had a little red engine.

Choo, choo, choo, he would make the engine run forward, here. Choo, choo, choo, he would make the engine run backward, there. This way, that way, choo, choo, choo.

He would play that the whistle went, "Toot, toot!"

He would play that the bell went, "Ding dong, ding dong!"

He would make the engine run, choo, choo, choo, right into his foot. Bump! right into his foot.

BOBBY JOE'S DOG

Bobby Joe had a dog. The dog went, "Bow-wow-wow!" That was his way of talking.

Every day Bobby Joe would give the dog some food to eat. Gobble, gobble; gobble, gobble, the dog would go. That was his way of eating.

Every day Bobby Joe would give the dog some water to drink. Glub, glub; glub, glub, the dog would go. That was his way of drinking.

And when the dog had finished eating his . . . food, he would go, "Bow-wow-wow!" That, you see, was his way of saying, "Thank you, Bobby Joe, for the . . . food."

And when the dog had finished drinking his . . . water, why then he would go, "Bow-wow-wow!" That was his way of saying, "Thank you for the . . . drink."

He was such a nice dog, wasn't he?—the way he always said, "Bow-wow-wow, thank you!"

UP AND DOWN

Bobby Joe went up the steps—up, up, up—and then he came down the steps—down, down, down.

Bobby Joe climbed up the fence—up, up, up—and then he climbed carefully—down.

Bobby Joe walked up the board that went over the top of the sand box—up, up, up—and then he ran down the board—tap, tap, tap, with his feet, quickly quick, all the way down.

He climbed up onto a big box, right up. And then he *jumped* down.

And last of all, Bobby Joe climbed up the slide —up, up, and up—right to the very top. And *whizz*, he slid all the way down.

POKE

Bobby Joe had a big stick.

He poked it through a hole in the fence.—Poke! —It went through.

He poked it through the steps of the slide.—Poke!—It went through.

He made it go along the ground.—Scrape, scrape!—It scratched the ground.

He banged it against the floor like a hammer—bang, bang, bang!

He poked it through a big hole under the chair. And—poke!—It went through.

And then he ran outside and found a hole in a tree-trunk. He was just going to poke it into that hole, when, what should he see looking out of the hole, but a snail!

The snail had a shell on its back. It could pull its head 'way down into its shell. It could pull its tail 'way up into its shell.

The snail had two horns on its head. It could wigglewag them, and make them go in and out.

The snail was crawling, slowly, slowly.

So Bobby Joe put down his stick and watched it go.

IN THE AIR

Bobby Joe heard a noise outside. ZZZZummmmzzz, ZZZZummmm, went the noise.

Bobby Joe ran, ran, ran outside.

He looked up into the sky. He saw an airplane flying 'way high in the clouds. It swooped. It flew straight. It rose higher, higher. It swooped. It flew straight. It looped—'way clear around. It zigzagged across the sky. And then it flew straight. It made a great loud noise—ZZZZummmmzzz, ZZZZummmm.

Bobby Joe watched it fly, until it had flown far—far—all gone—away.

Bobby Joe still looked up into the sky. He saw some birds flying under the clouds. Their wings went up and down, up and down. But they made no noise, no, not a bit of noise. They were *not* noisy like the airplane with its great loud ZZZZummmmzzz, ZZZZummmmzzz, ZZZZummmm.

AT THE TABLE

When Bobby Joe came to the table, he knew what to do. He ate his meals.

He ate from a plate. He ate with a spoon. He made the spoon go up and down (this way), up and down—from the plate to his mouth, from his mouth to the plate—up and down, up and down. He made the spoon go up and down until every single speck was gone from his plate. And his plate was . . . empty.

Bobby Joe chewed. He chewed with his teeth. He made his teeth go scrunch, scrunch, scrunch (this way), scrunch, scrunch, scrunch; grind, grind, grind. He made his teeth chew and chew. Then he swallowed, gulp. Yes, he swallowed, gulp. And what do you think? Every single speck was gone from his mouth. And his mouth was . . . empty.

Bobby Joe drank from a cup. Sip, sip, sip, from the cup; sip, sip, sip (this way), until every single drop was gone from the cup. And the cup was . . . empty.

You see, when Bobby Joe came to the table, he knew what to do!

WASH DAY

Bobby Joe's clothes were dirty. His socks wer dirty, and his suits were dirty, and his underwear wa dirty, and his sweaters were dirty. They were a so dirty, they were.

And then the clothes were washed.

The clothes were scrubbed with soap. They were scrubbed and rubbed and scrubbed and rubbed. Bubble fluff, bubble fluff, went the white foamy soap.

And then the clothes were rinsed in water. They were rinsed and rinsed and rinsed. Swish, swizzle, swish; swish, swizzle, swish went the water.

And then the clothes were run through the wringer. Around and around went the wringer rolls, pressing out the water. Drip, drip, drop; drip, drip, drop trickled the water.

And then out went the clothes to the clothesline. There they hung in the sun to dry. There were Bobby Joe's socks, there were Bobby Joe's suits, there was Bobby Joe's underwear, and there were his sweaters—all hanging in the sun to dry.

Flip, flop, flip, flop! The wind blew them back and forth on the clothesline. The wind helped them dry.

Bobby Joe's clothes were no longer dirty. They were clean. His socks were clean and his suits were clean and his underwear was clean and his sweaters were clean. They were all clean, they were. Bobby Joe's clothes were no longer dirty!

ON THE ROAD

Bobby Joe went for a drive along a wide white road. He drove and he drove and he drove.

Pretty soon he saw a truck full of round golden oranges. There was a man selling the round golden oranges.

"Please, may I have one?" asked Bobby Joe.

So mother stopped and bought him a . . . round golden orange.

Bobby Joe drove further along the wide white road. He drove and he drove and he drove.

Pretty soon he saw a truck full of round red and green apples. There was a man selling the round red and green apples.

"Please, may I have one?" asked Bobby Joe.

So mother stopped and bought him a . . . round red and green apple.

Bobby Joe drove further along the wide white road. He drove and he drove and he drove.

Pretty soon he saw a truck full of round red tomatoes. There was a man selling the round red tomatoes.

"Please, may I have one?" asked Bobby Joe.

So mother bought him a . . . round red tomato.

And then Bobby Joe went home. He drove and he drove and he drove until he reached home.

And the next day Bobby Joe had the round golden orange for breakfast, and the round red and green apple for lunch, and the round red tomato for supper. Yes, he did!

IN THE GARAGE

Bobby Joe looked ahead. He looked straight ahead. He could see into the garage. He saw the big gray car standing in the garage. The big gray car belonged to . . . daddy and mother. Bobby Joe knew how the big gray car could run. Its engine would go tka tka, tka tka, tka tka. Its horn would go AWNG, AWNG—get out of the way—AWNG,

AWNG. Its wheels would go 'round and 'round, and 'round and 'round.

Bobby Joe could see into the garage. He saw the little red car standing in the garage. The little red car belonged to . . . Bobby Joe. It had no engine to go tka tka, tka tka, when it ran. But it did have a horn, and the horn could go . . . *AWNG, AWNG*—get out of the way—*AWNG, AWNG*. And it did have wheels, and its wheels could go 'round and 'round—very, very quickly, very, very speedily, very, very whizzingly, 'round and 'round.

And do you know that Bobby Joe had to make his feet move up and down, and up and down, and up and down, to make his little auto go? Yes, he did!

IN THE CLOSET

Bobby Joe's mother had a closet in her room—you know, a closet like your mother has. And oh, there were so many things in the closet!

Bobby Joe saw things hanging in mother's closet. He saw dresses and coats hanging in mother's closet. There was a red dress, and a blue dress, and a . . .

green dress, and a . . . white dress. There was a brown coat, and a . . . black coat, and a . . . white coat hanging in mother's closet.

Bobby Joe saw things lying on the shelves of mother's closet. He saw hats lying on the shelves of mother's closet, and shoes lying on the shelves of mother's closet. There was a red hat, and a blue hat, and a . . . green hat, and a . . . white hat. There were brown shoes, and . . . black shoes, and . . . white shoes.

Bobby Joe saw things in the drawers of mother's closet. There were handkerchiefs for mother to blow her nose with. There were gloves for mother to wear on her . . . hands, and stockings for mother to wear on her . . . feet and legs, and scarfs for mother to wear around her . . . neck, and purses for mother to carry money and powder in.

And 'way in the bottom drawer, what do you think Bobby Joe saw?—"A dog," he called it. It had two eyes and a nose and two ears and some paws; and mother would wear it around her neck when she went out. It was really a fur—this dog as Bobby Joe called it. A fur, that's what it was!

Bobby Joe looked down. He looked down into the green, green grass.

He looked. And he looked. He saw something, he did.

There was a spider in the green, green grass—a spider with oh, so many creepy, crawly legs! The spider was going through the grass—scitter scatter, scitter scatter. Oh, so fast through the grass! Until it was gone, all gone.

Bobby Joe looked. And he looked.

He saw something else.

There was a grasshopper in the green, green grass. The grasshopper was going through the grass—hop, hop, hop; hop, hop, hop. Oh, so fast through the grass! Until it was gone, all gone.

Bobby Joe looked. And he looked.

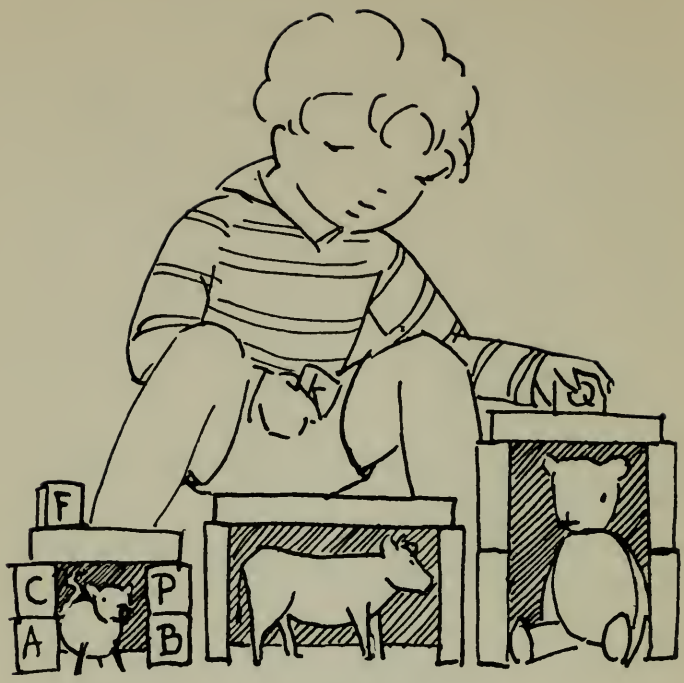
He saw something else.

There was a caterpillar in the green, green grass. It was fuzzy—very fuzzy! The caterpillar was going through the grass—hump, hump, hump. It moved so slowly, so very slowly! Hump, hump, hump, through the grass. Until it, too, was gone, all gone.

And still Bobby Joe looked and looked, down into the green, green grass.

At last he saw something else.

There was a ladybug—a bright red ladybug. But —the ladybug wasn't going through the green, green grass. It was standing still, quite still. And then, all of a sudden—it flew—away!



BUILDING

Bobby Joe had a little teddy bear. Teddy bear could say, "Oooh."

Bobby Joe took out his blocks. He put a block here and here and here and here. He put a block here and here, until he had made a . . . house.

"A house for my . . . teddy bear," said Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe had a little brown cow. Little cow could say, "Moo, mooo."

Bobby Joe took out his blocks. He put a block here and here and here and here. He put a block here and here, until he had made another . . . house.

"A house for my . . . cow," said Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe had a little pink pig. Little pig could say, "Eek, eeek."

Bobby Joe took out some more blocks. He put a block here and here and here and here. He put a block here and here, until he had made still another house.

"A house for my . . . pig," said Bobby Joe.

Teddy bear lived in *this* house. Little cow lived in *this* house. And little pig lived in the next.

"I have one . . . two . . . three houses," counted Bobby Joe.

And he had. One . . . two . . . three houses! One for the teddy bear that went, "oooh," and one for the cow that went, "mooo," and one for the pig that went, "eek, eeek." A house for each had Bobby Joe!

VEGETABLES

Bobby Joe wanted to know about vegetables. He wanted to know from where they came. Wouldn't you like to know too?

Vegetables grow as plants in the ground. They grow from little seeds. The seeds send down roots. The seeds send up shoots. The shoots grow into

stems. The stems send out leaves and buds. The buds turn into flowers, and the flowers turn into seed-pods.

When we eat different vegetables we eat different parts of different plants.

When we eat potatoes we eat the *roots* of the plant.

When we eat celery, we don't eat the roots. No, we eat the . . . *stems.*

When we eat spinach, we don't eat the roots or the stem. No, we eat the . . . *leaves.*

When we eat artichokes, we don't eat the roots or the stems or the leaves. We eat the . . . *buds.*

When we eat cauliflower, we don't eat the roots or the stems or the leaves or the buds, but the . . . *flower.*

And when we eat tomatoes we're eating the . . . *seed-pods*, as you know, because you've seen all the little seeds inside.

BOBBY'S BOATS

THE wind was blowing, "Wheuu, wheuu."

The rain was raining, "Pitter patter, pitter patter."

Bobby Joe stood at his window listening to the wind go, "Wheuu, wheuu," and watching the rain go, "Pitter patter."

Suddenly the rain stopped and the wind stopped, and the sun commenced to shine with sparkling brightness on the wet leaves of the trees outside.

"I want to go out!" cried Bobby Joe. "I want to go out!"

So he put on a warm sweater, and he put on a rain coat and a rain hat, and he put on high rubber boots that came way up on his legs to his . . . knees. And then he went out.

There, right in front of his house, he came across the biggest, widest, deepest mud puddle. Oh, such a big one!

A leaf from a tree fluttered down toward it—flutter, flutter, flutter—and landed in its water softly, softly, without any noise, and floated there, right on top.

"It looks like a boat!" said Bobby Joe.

It gave him an idea.

"I'll find another boat," he said.

So he found a stick, and he dropped the stick into the water. It landed with a little *splash*. And there it, too, floated, right on top.

"That's a boat, too," laughed Bobby Joe. "And now I'll find another."

So he found a rock, and he dropped the rock into the water. It landed with a great big SPLASH. And it didn't float on top. No, it sank right DOWN.

It didn't do for a boat at all, did it?

THE EXPRESS WAGON

Bobby Joe took out his express wagon and started to go for a walk.

He walked and he walked and he walked. He passed the kitchen steps and the . . . laundry yard, and the . . . telegraph pole.

He walked down a hill and over a bridge and up a hill. He walked and walked and walked. And then he came to the . . . park.

There he saw a little gray kitty.

"Miew, miew," went the kitty.

Bobby Joe thought she was trying to say, "Please give me a ride!" So he lifted her up onto his express wagon.

Off he started again with kitty sitting in the express wagon. He walked and walked. He walked back down the hill and over the bridge and up the hill on the other side. He walked back past the . . . telegraph pole, and the . . . laundry yard, and the . . . kitchen steps.

He walked and he walked all around the house to the front and away to the . . . corner. And there he saw a little brown dog.

"Bow-wow," said the dog.

Bobby Joe thought he was trying to say, "Please give me a ride!" So he lifted him up onto his express wagon.

But no sooner was the doggie there than the kitty began to make a terrible fuss. She arched her back. She stuck out her claws. She went, "Sss-fwt, sss-fwt!" and hit at the dog with her sharp, sharp claws, this way, this way, scratch, scratch, scratch.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow," went the doggie.

"Grrrrr," he went too.

"SSss-fwt," went the kitty, and "Meeee-yiew, meeee-yiew."

And before Bobby Joe could do anything at all, the kitty and the doggie jumped out and ran away.

And Bobby Joe went home alone.

Part Two

REALLY REAL

THE STORY OF A LONESOME LITTLE BOY

Bobby Joe wondered and wondered and wondered who was going to live in the new house that was being built across the street from his house. He wished and wished and wished that it would be a little boy or a little girl his very own age.

You see Bobby Joe was such a lonesome little boy. He had nobody at all to play with.

"I wish I had somebody to play with," he would

say sadly and lonesomely. "I wish I had somebody to play with."

And so, of course, the minute he saw that a new house was going up across the street he thought, "Maybe, maybe—a little—boy—or—a little—girl—my very own age—will come to live in that brand new house when it's finished."

And so, of course, the whole time that the brand new house was being built, he kept on wishing and wishing and wishing for a little boy or girl to come to live there.

He watched the house being built.

He watched the workmen who came with picks and shovels. He saw them dig and dig and dig a deep, wide hole in the ground.

"The hole's for the basement of the new house," they told him.

He watched them line the hole with the concrete that the noisy concrete mixer made for them. He saw the mixer churn and churn, around and around with a churr and a burr and a chug-a-chug—around and around.

He watched the carpenters who came next with their hammers and nails. He saw them nail wooden boards together—bang, bang, bang; bang, bang, bang.

"We're building the walls and floors of the new house," they told him.

He watched the plasterers who came to . . . plaster the inside walls of the new house. He watched the roofing men who came to . . . tile the roof; and the painters who came to . . . paint; and the wall-paper men who came to . . . glue on the wall-paper; and the window-glass men who came to . . . place the windows.

He saw the electricians who came to put in . . . the electric lights and the buzzer bells.

He saw the plumbers who came to put in . . . tubs, and pipes, and wash-basins, and toilets, and sinks.

Day after day he watched until at last he saw that the new house was finished. There it stood, grand and fine, its paint fresh and shiny, its windows glistening in the sun, and its doors looking ready to open and welcome the new people who were going to live there.

"What people?" Bobby Joe wondered. "And will there be a little boy or a little girl my very own age?" And he hoped and he hoped and he hoped that there would be.

Bobby Joe expected the people to move in right straight away, now that the new house was finished. But, you see, he had forgotten about the furniture. Yes, he had forgotten that the new people would need furniture. He only remembered when he saw the great, huge furniture vans arriving, packed

and loaded and jammed full of this and that and everything.

Then he laughed.

"Of course," he said; and, "Oh, how silly! They do need furniture in each different room of their new house. Of course they do."

He watched the men unload.

He saw things being unloaded for the kitchen . . . a stove, an icebox, a table and some white chairs.

He saw things being unloaded for the dining room . . . a table, and many chairs, and a sideboard, and a silver chest.

He saw things being unloaded for the living room . . . a couch, some large, comfy-looking chairs, a piano, a magazine stand, and lamps and pictures, and books.

He stood and watched until the vans were all unloaded and every bit of furniture had been moved into the new house.

"And now," he said, and his eyes grew wider and his smile grew broader, "and now the people will come. And maybe, maybe, there'll be a little boy or girl just my very own age for me to play with."

So Bobby Joe waited and waited, and the whole time he waited he kept wishing and wishing . . . yes, you know what!

But nobody moved into the new house that day.

And nobody moved into the new house the next day. And nobody moved in the next. One—two—three days went by.

And then, the following morning, when Bobby Joe got up, this is what happened. He walked to his window to look out at the new house across the street. All the shades of the new house were down. But, suddenly, in the window right across from his own,

a shade popped up, and there, looking out at Bobby Joe, was . . . a little . . . girl!

She looked as if she were just the same age as Bobby Joe. She looked as if she were just the same size. She smiled good morning to him, and waved her hand.

Bobby Joe waved back and then ran to get dressed.

Do you know how quickly he got dressed that morning? Quicker than quick, as you can guess. Do you know whether he asked if he could go over to see the new little girl? Yes, he did, as you can guess. Do you know whether the little girl was glad to see him and wanted to play with him and become his best of friends? Yes, she did, as you can guess.

But no matter how good at guessing you may be, there's one thing you could never guess. And that's the little girl's name. Her name was Bobby, too—Bobby Jane. Her real name, you see, was Barbara Jane, and they called her Bobby Jane for short.

So that made two Bobbies, living right across the street from one another—a Bobby Jane and a Bobby Joe.

In this house lives Bobby Jane,
In this house lives Bobby Joe.
Up pops one, just this way,
Other pops up—so!

"Good morning," says this Bobby.
"Good morning," this one, too.
"Good morning," calls this Bobby,
"Good morning, dear, to you!"

GOING SOMEWHERE

Bobby Joe's best white shoes were under the chair, and his best white suit and socks and sweater were on the chair.

"What for?" asked Bobby Joe.

"Wait and see," smiled mother.

Bobby Joe put on his best white shoes and his best white suit and socks and sweater. He knew that putting on one's best white shoes and socks and sweater usually meant that something *un*-usual was going to happen. He wondered what.

Mother was waiting. She told him to come with her. They went out the front door and down the garden steps. They climbed into the automobile.

"Where are we going?" asked Bobby Joe.

"Wait and see," smiled mother.

Mother turned on the battery—click—and she pressed the starter—jrrr—and she fed the engine some gas—tchuff.

The engine commenced to sing "Tka, tka, tka." Then mother shifted the gears, and away went the automobile, its wheels going 'round and 'round.

They drove and they drove. Bobby Joe sat oh, so still, in order not to disturb mother when she was driving. Mother watched the traffic. She stopped when the signals said to *stop*, and she went when the signals said to *go*. She was careful of street cars and trucks and busses. She looked for the policemen at some of the corners and noticed their signals, too. She turned this way and that. She knew exactly where they were going. Only Bobby Joe didn't know. He wondered where.

They drove and drove for a long, long way. And then they stopped. They stopped right in front of a great big store.

"Why are we stopping?" asked Bobby Joe.

"Wait and see," smiled mother.

There were people and people and people in the store. So many people! There were things and things and things in the store. So many things! There was noise and noise and noise in the store. Lots of noise! And there was an elevator.

Bobby Joe and mother walked into the elevator. The elevator started. It left the main floor.

Up, up, up it went, smoothly up! Stop! At the second floor!

"Shoes, dresses, hats, coats!" called the elevator boy, all quickly in a jumble. "Shoes dresses hats coats."

Bobby Joe knew what he meant. Those were the things that were sold on the second floor.

Up went the elevator, up, up, smoothly up! Stop! At the third floor!

"Toys!" cried the elevator boy. Bobby Joe knew what he meant. Toys were what were sold on the third floor.

Up, up, up, smoothly up! Stop! At the fourth floor!

"Come on," said mother; "we get out here." And Bobby Joe was so busy listening to mother that he didn't hear what the elevator boy said about that floor.

But when he got out he could see.

There in front of them were two rows of high-up chairs with people sitting in them having their hair cut.

"It's a barber shop!" cried Bobby Joe.

And that's what it was!

Bobby Joe wanted to climb right into a barber chair. But all the chairs were full of people having

their hair cut. And all the barbers were busy—so busy, snip, snip, snipping with their scissors; comb, comb, combing, and brush, brush, brushing with their combs and brushes.

Bobby Joe and mother had to sit down on a bench and wait for one of the barbers to finish. It seemed like a long, long time to wait.

"Oh, goodness, how much longer?" asked Bobby Joe.

"Wait and see," answered mother.

And the very next instant one of the barbers said, "You're next, little boy. Step over here, please," and, "Hop up here, please."

Bobby Joe did.

The barber helped him climb into the barber chair. The barber wrapped a big white sheet around him and pinned it at the neck. The barber pump-pump-pumped the chair up, up, up, until Bobby Joe was a good deal higher than he had been before. He could see himself in the mirror with the sheet wrapped around him and pinned at the neck.

The barber commenced to cut Bobby Joe's hair. "Snip, snip, snip," whispered his scissors.

"Snip, snip," go the shears,
"Snip, snip.
Be careful of ears,
Snip, snip.

And off comes the hair,
And falls everywhere,
On face, floor and chair,
Snip, snip."

"It tickles my nose!" cried Bobby Joe, and he put up his hand to wipe his nose.

"Hey, there," said the barber, "don't do that or you'll make it worse. Here, this way is better," and the barber picked up a soft brush and he brushed Bobby Joe's face—his nose, and his eyes and his mouth and his chin, too. Bobby Joe felt ever so much better.

"And now," the barber told him, "I'm going to use the clippers."

"Electric ones?" asked Bobby Joe.

"Yes," answered the barber.

"Softly, ssssss over neck,
Smoothly clippers go.
Softly, ssssss over neck,
Edges trimmed just so."

"It tickles my neck!" cried Bobby Joe, and he put up his hand to wipe his neck.

"Hey, hold on there," said the barber, "don't do that or you'll make it worse. Here, this way is better," and he brushed off Bobby Joe's neck and he sprinkled on some powder. Bobby Joe felt ever so much better.

He could see himself in the mirror. He watched

the barber brush and comb his hair into place. Brush, brush, brush; comb, comb, comb! Bobby Joe thought he looked more like daddy now that he had a grand new hair cut.

The barber unpinned the pin at his neck. The barber unwrapped the white sheet from around him. The barber made the chair come down to the floor so that Bobby Joe could step out.

"There we are," said the barber.

"There you are," said mother.

Then mother paid the barber. And away she and Bobby Joe went toward the elevator.

Down, down, down, it took them—right to the main floor. And from there they went home.

A VALENTINE SURPRISE

Bobby Joe loved to visit Bobby Jane. He loved to go over to her house. Bobby Jane had a gold fish and a canary bird and a baby brother. The gold fish stayed in its glass bowl all the time, the canary bird stayed in its cage all the time, and the baby brother stayed in his buggy or pen or high chair. Bobby Joe didn't know which one he liked best. He would go home and say to his mother, "Please, can't I have a gold fish or a canary bird or a baby brother? Oh, please!" He wanted just one. He didn't care which.

One afternoon Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane made valentines together. They knew that next Saturday was going to be Saint Valentine's Day.

They cut and pasted and cut and pasted. They used lace doilies and red hearts and arrows and cupids and all sorts of valentine things.

Bobby Joe made a valentine for his father and one for his mother. Bobby Jane made a valentine for her father and one for her mother, and one for her gold fish and one for her canary bird and one for her baby brother.

"How I wish I had a baby brother or a gold fish or a canary bird!" exclaimed Bobby Joe. "I'd like to make valentines for them."

Bobby Jane looked at him.

"You make one for me instead," she suggested.

Bobby Joe laughed.

"Cut and cut,
Glue and glue,
Make a valentine
For you!"

Bobby Jane laughed too.

Then she said, "I wonder if I'll get any other valentines on Saint Valentine's Day!"

And Bobby Joe said, "I wonder if I will!"

And they both started to think about getting valentines.

"Maybe we'll find some in the mailbox!"

"Or maybe on the chairs next to our beds when we wake up in the morning!"

"Or maybe on our plates at the breakfast table!"

By that time they had finished cutting and pasting their valentines. They were ready to put them into envelopes.

Bobby Jane looked at the ones she had made.

"One for my mother, one for my father, one for my fish and one for my bird and one for my baby brother. One—two—three—four—five," she counted.

But Bobby Joe didn't have that many. No! He had only . . . one for his father and one for his mother and one for Bobby Jane. He had only . . . three.

"How I wish I'd have a gold fish or a canary bird or a baby brother," sighed Bobby Joe.

Next morning came, and next morning, and next morning. And then came the morning of Saint Valentine's Day.

Bobby Joe sat up in bed. He looked around. He looked on the chair next to his bed. There were no valentines there! He looked in his slippers at the foot of his bed. There were no valentines there!

When he was dressing he looked first into one shoe and then into the other. But there were no valentines there! When he went down to breakfast he

looked beside his plate and on his plate and under his plate, but—there were no valentines there!

After breakfast he decided to look in the mailbox. He brought out a chair and climbed on it to see in. No, there were no valentines there!

He waited for the postman. He waited and waited. The minute he saw him coming he went dashing toward him. But the postman only shook his head and said no, there was not even one valentine for Bobby Joe.

He was commencing to be a very, very disappointed little boy. He felt so sad, he did, so sad. Why hadn't any one remembered to send him a valentine? Why, oh, why hadn't any one remembered? There'd been none on the chair beside his bed, there'd been none in his slippers or in his shoes, there'd been none on the breakfast table or in the mailbox, and now even the postman had disappointed him. Oh, dear, oh, dear, he felt so sad! He almost cried. But only *almost!* He was a pretty brave boy, you see.

He started to go up the steps to his room. His feet didn't go quickly quick, at all. No, they went slowly slow, draggedy drag. He hadn't got any valentines, that was why.

He was half way up the steps when, all of a sudden, he stopped. *What was that?*

"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling," went the door bell.

Bobby Joe turned around. Down the steps he dashed, quickly quick, rushy rush, he was in such a hurry. Who could it be? Who was ringing the door bell? Could it possibly be a valentine for him after all?

He opened the door. And there—? There was nothing but a messenger boy carrying a great big hat box.

"A hat for mammy," thought Bobby Joe. "No valentine for me." He almost cried, he was so disappointed. But only *almost!* He was such a brave boy, as you remember.

And then, what do you suppose the messenger boy said to him?

"I guess this package is for you," said the messenger boy.

"B-but," said Bobby Joe, "I don't get packages."

"But," insisted the messenger boy, "if your name's Bobby Joe this package *is* for you," and the messenger boy handed it to Bobby Joe and turned around and went away.

Bobby Joe took the package inside. He cut the string with which it was tied. He pulled off the paper in which it was wrapped. He lifted the cover.

"Twirreet, twirreet, twirreet; rrreeet, rrreet twirreet," the sweetest, loveliest singing sounds greeted him.

"A bird!" cried Bobby Joe. "A yellow canary

bird! Oh, oh, oh, isn't that the grandest, most wonderful valentine surprise!"

And so Bobby Joe did get a valentine after all. It wasn't a regular paper one in an envelope, was it? It wasn't a gold fish, either, or a baby brother. But it was a . . . canary bird.

A PICNIC

Bobby Jane, as you know, lived across from Bobby Joe. They played together, oh, so often. Sometimes Bobby Jane would go across the street to play at Bobby Joe's house. Sometimes Bobby Joe would go across the street to play at Bobby Jane's. They played such good games together . . . running, and climbing, and skipping games, you know. They

made such nice things together . . . sandcakes, and wooden airplanes, and paper boats, you know. But one morning when Bobby Joe went over to see Bobby Jane, he found her doing something quite different!

He found her in the kitchen. She was standing at the kitchen table, and there in front of her on the table were all sorts of things. There were slices of bread, and a plate of butter, and a broad knife. There was a glass of red de-licious-looking jelly, and a bowl of white cottage cheese. And what do you think Bobby Jane was doing with all these things? Of course you know. She was making sandwiches.

"I'm helping mother get ready for a picnic," she told Bobby Joe. "I'm making sandwiches. First I spread the butter. Then I spread the cheese or the jelly.

"Spread, spread
Slice of bread,"

and she smiled at Bobby Joe.

"You can help too," she went on. "Look, you fold the slices of bread together. See, clap one on top of another.

"Slices go
Together so!

That's what mammy says when she does it."

So together Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane went on making sandwiches for the picnic.

"Spread, spread
Slice of bread,"

and

"Slices go,
Together so,"

until every single one of the slices was spread and clapped together.

Then in came Bobby Jane's mother. She brought them some waxed paper.

"I know what that's for," said Bobby Jane.

"So do I," said Bobby Joe.

"It's to wrap the sandwiches in."

"Right," said mother.

So Bobby Jane and Bobby Joe wrapped and wrapped until every single one of the sandwiches was wrapped in waxed paper.

And then Bobby Jane's mother brought in some other de-licious things for the picnic. Can you guess what they were? . . . Yes, cookies, and hard-boiled eggs, and fruit, and a thermos bottle of milk. And then she brought in some paper cups, and paper plates and . . . paper napkins, and spoons. And she brought in some boxes in which to pack all these things.

And Bobby Jane and Bobby Joe packed and packed until every single thing was packed into the boxes.

Then Bobby Joe asked, "Who's going on the picnic?"

"Why, don't you know?" laughed Bobby Jane. "You are. Yes, you're going on the picnic. And so am I. And so are our mothers. All four of us are going on the picnic."

So Bobby Joe got ready to go. And Bobby Jane got ready to go. And both mothers got ready to go.

And a little while later they started off.

They climbed into Bobby Jane's mother's automobile. They rode and they rode. They rode 'way out into the country. They came to the mountains. Up, up, up, they climbed. The automobile went churr, churr, churrrr, as it wound around the twisty mountain road, up, up, up.

Suddenly Bobby Joe caught sight of something.

"Ooo, look!" cried Bobby Joe. "Look at the stream of water!"

And sure enough, there was a stream of trickling water splashing tuppa, tuppa, tuppa, over pebbles and rocks.

They stopped beside the stream, under a wide-spreading green tree.

Out of the automobile came Bobby Joe's mother, and out came Bobby Jane's mother, and out came

Bobby Joe, and out came . . . Bobby Jane; and out came . . . all the picnic things.

Oh, it was such a grand picnic! Everything was so de-licious!

Bobby Joe's mother ate sandwiches and egg and fruit and cookies. Bobby Jane's mother ate . . . sandwiches and egg and fruit and cookies. Bobby Joe ate sandwiches and egg and fruit and cookies. And Bobby Jane ate sandwiches and egg and fruit and cookies. And each one of them drank milk from a paper cup.

Then, can you guess what they did? They all lay down on the warm dry grass to rest. They looked up at the sky through the waving branches of that great, wide tree. And soon Bobby Joe's eyes grew heavy and heavier and *most* heavy, and, before he knew it, he was fast, fast asleep. And soon Bobby Jane's eyes grew heavy and heavier and *most* heavy, and, before she knew it, she was fast, fast asleep. And Bobby Joe's mother's eyes grew heavy and heavier and *most* heavy, and before she knew it, she was fast, fast asleep; and the same with Bobby Jane's mother, so that before she knew it she too was fast, fast asleep.

They slept and they slept. And then, all of a sudden, Bobby Joe opened his eyes. He sat straight up, he did, right straight up.

What was that funny noise that had awakened

him? There it was again. Listen! "Tap, tap, tapper tapper, tap," that's how it went. What could it be? "Tap, tap, tapper tapper, tap."

Bobby Joe looked all around.—No, he didn't see anything.—Then he looked up. And there on the tree trunk was a bird with a long bill and a red crown. It was this bird who was making the noise. He was a woodpecker bird going tap, tap, tapper tapper, tap, with his beak against the tree trunk. He was digging in to find bugs to eat.

And then, all of a sudden, Bobby Jane opened her eyes. She sat straight up, she did, right straight up. What was that funny noise that had awakened her? There it was again. Listen! "Swishsh," among a little pile of dry leaves on the grass. What could it be? "Swishsh, swishsh!" There it went again. "Swishsh, swishsh," and up the tree trunk scampered a gray squirrel with a long, bushy tail. It was on its way to the top of the tree where it was building a nest for its babies. When it reached a branch overhead it stopped and sat up on its hind legs and blinked its black beady eyes at Bobby Jane.—Yes, Bobby Joe saw it, too!

And then, all of a sudden, Bobby Joe's mother opened her eyes. She sat straight up, she did, right straight up. What was it that she had felt tickling her hand? She looked down just in time to see a brown grasshopper spring on its long legs away into

the grass. She could see that it had lovely yellow wings under its brown shell. They spread when it hopped to help it hop further. It had used her hand to rest on.—Yes, Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane saw it, too!

And then, all of a sudden, Bobby Jane's mother opened her eyes. She sat straight up, she did, right straight up. What had she felt brushing across her legs? And she looked just in time to see a green lizard glide away quickly, quickly. It had been sunning itself as lizards love to do.—Why, yes, Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane and Bobby Joe's mother saw it, too.

They looked at one another.

"I think we're all awake."

"Yes, we're all awake."

"Well," said Bobby Jane's mother, "I guess then that the two Bobbies are ready for the very nicest, most wonderful part of the whole long day."

"What is it?" asked Bobby Joe.

"What is it?" asked Bobby Jane.

"Not so fast," laughed Bobby Jane's mother. "That would be telling."

"Please tell!" cried Bobby Joe.

"Please, please!" cried Bobby Jane.

But mother shook her head. "No," she said, "but —if—each—one—of you—does—just exactly as I say, you'll soon find out."

Bobby Joe looked at her and smiled. Bobby Jane looked at her and smiled.

"All ready? Go!" said mother; and she told them what to do.

"Take off your right shoes," she said. And both Bobbies did.

"Take off your left shoes," she said. And both Bobbies did.

"Take off your right socks," she said. And both Bobbies did.

"Take off your left socks," she said. And both Bobbies did.

"And now," she said, "you can go wading in the stream."

Splash dash into the stream went Bobby Joe. Splash dash into the stream went Bobby Jane. Oh, it was such fun wading in the gurgling, sparkling water.

"Such fun," sang both Bobbies, "such fun!

"Trickely, trickely water flows
Over heels and over toes.
Up and up our legs it goes,
Almost—almost to our clothes."

SAND

THE sand in the sand box was just wet enough to mold. Bobby Joe sat on a board in the sand box, so as not to get himself wet. He was digging the sand with his hands; with his right hand and with his left, he was digging and piling and patting and smoothing.

"O mammy, help me make a countryside in the sand," said Bobby Joe.

Mother smiled.

"You know what I mean," Bobby Joe went on. "A countryside with mountains and fields like those we saw last week on our picnic. You know!"

"Yes," answered mother, "I think that's a grand idea. How shall we begin?"

"You say!"

"No, you do!"

"No, you say!"

"Please, you do!"

"Well, then," said mother, "let's start with the fields. Let's make level fields. You know what level means? Like the top of a table; that's level. Like the floor of a house; that's level."

So Bobby Joe smoothed the sand—smooth, smooth, smooth—and there were the level fields.

"Next we'll make mountains!" exclaimed Bobby Joe. He piled up the sand and patted it and patted it until it held firmly together—pat, pat, pat—and there were high mountains all around the level fields.

And then, after a few minutes, Bobby Joe wondered, "What next?"

"Let me think, let me see, what on earth shall it be?"

"I know!" cried Bobby Joe. "A river, a river, the very thing!"

He slid his fingers through the sand. He made a

little ditch all the way from the high mountains down into the level fields. Slide, slide, ran his finger —and there was the river!

"And next?"

"Let me think, let me see, what on earth shall it be?"

"I know!" cried Bobby Joe. "A lake. Yes, a lake. The very thing, a lake!"

And Bobby Joe scooped out a hole in the sand at the end of the river. He put in a blue bowl to just fit the hole, and he filled the bowl with water. Spitter, spatter, went the water—and there was the lake!

"Lovely, lovely!" cried Bobby Joe.

But soon he commenced to wonder, "What next?"

"Let me think, let me see, what on earth shall it be?"

"I know! Some houses!"

So Bobby Joe built some houses out of . . . blocks.

"And some people!"

So Bobby Joe made some people out of . . . sticks.

"And some trees!"

So Bobby Joe made some trees out of . . . sprays of green that he picked from the bushes that grew in mother's garden.

And he placed the houses and people and trees here and there on the mountains, and here and there

in the fields, and here and there along the river and around the lake.

"Lovely, lovely!" cried Bobby Joe.

And then, because everything was finished and in order, and because it was lunch time, Bobby Joe left all the things that he had made, and ran inside.

Later on Bobby Joe came out again. He hurried to his playground. There was Bobby Jane sitting on top of the slide.

"Hello, Bobby Jane, when did you get here?" he called.

"Oh, just a few minutes ago!" she answered.

"Did you see what I made in my sand box?" he asked.

"No," answered Bobby Jane.

"Well, come on over and see," and Bobby Joe took Bobby Jane to his sand box.

Together they looked in.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Bobby Joe. "What has happened? What has happened?" For there in the sand box were no more level fields or high mountains or long river, and the houses and trees and people were scattered here and there and everywhere, and the lake was upside down. Everything was topsy-turvy.

"Who did it?"

Bobby Joe blamed Bobby Jane.

"You're a naughty, naughty girl!" he cried. "You're just horrid to spoil all my nice things."

"But I didn't do it," declared Bobby Jane. "Really truly I didn't."

But Bobby Joe would not listen to her. He turned his back on her and told her to go home.

Then he made his countryside all over again. He smoothed his level fields, and he piled his mountains high; he scratched in his river and scooped out the hole for his blue bowl of a lake. He picked up his houses and trees and people that were strewn here and there and everywhere, and arranged them here and there as he wanted.

And then, because everything was finished and in order, and because mother was calling from the house, Bobby Joe left all the things that he had made, and ran inside.

In a little while Bobby Joe came out once more. There was Bobby Jane again at the slide, while there, in the sand box, the very same terrible thing had happened. His lovely countryside was destroyed. Gone were his level fields, high mountains and long river. His houses and trees and people were strewn here and there and everywhere, and the lake was upside down. Everything was topsy-turvy.

"Who did it?"

And again Bobby Joe blamed Bobby Jane.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he cried. "You horrid, horrid little girl to spoil my things that way!"

"But I didn't do it," insisted Bobby Jane. "I really

truly didn't," and she commenced to cry. The tears trickled down her face. "I didn't do it, Bobby Joe. I really truly didn't," she kept on saying again and again.

But Bobby Joe would not listen to her. He turned his back on her and told her to go home.

Then he made his countryside all over again. He smoothed his level fields, and he piled his mountains high; he scratched in his river and scooped out the hole for his blue bowl of a lake. He picked up his houses and trees and people that were strewn here and there and everywhere, and arranged them here and there as he wanted.

And then, because everything was finished and in order, and because he wanted to tell mother about it, he ran into the house.

In a very few minutes he came back to the playground holding mother by the hand.

There, in the sand box were his level fields and his high mountains and long river . . . all destroyed once more. And there in his sand box, right where his countryside should have been was—Raggles, the dog. He had Bobby Joe's lake turned upside down, and he was scattering the houses and people and trees here and there and everywhere.

Then Bobby Joe knew that it was Raggles, the dog, who had turned all his things topsy-turvy.

"Naughty dog, naughty dog!" Bobby Joe

scolded. "Why did you do that in my sand box?"

Then mother laughed and explained, "Raggles must have a bone buried in your sand box. That's why he's digging. He wants his bone. But if we help him find it and bury it in a different place, why, he'll dig there instead!"

"Let's do that!" exclaimed Bobby Joe more happily.

But in a few minutes he grew very, very thoughtful.

"I'd better go see Bobby Jane and tell her Raggles did it," he said.

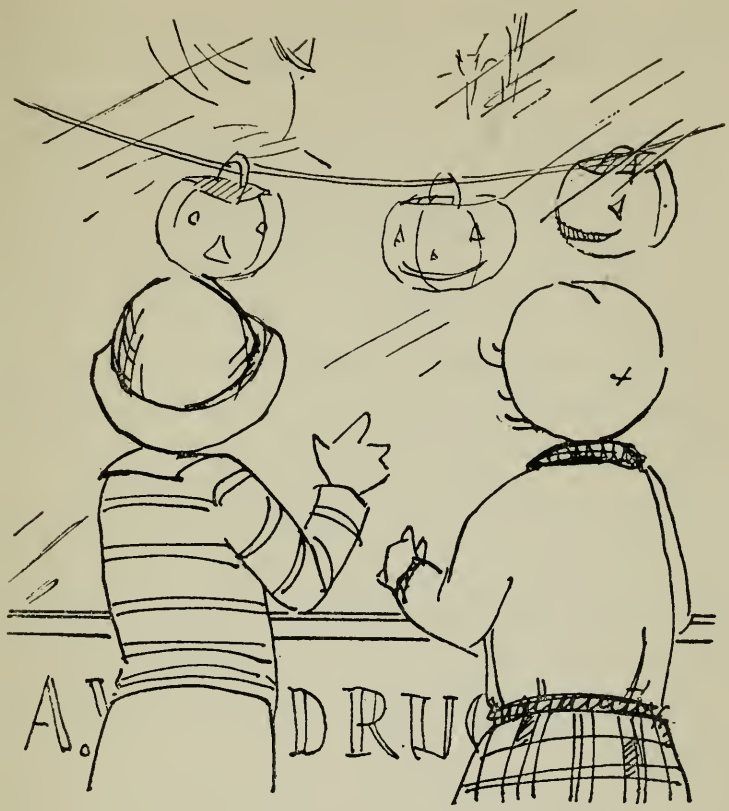
"Yes," answered mother, "and maybe, dear, Bobby Jane will come with you and help you fix your countryside in order again."

Which she did!

"Fields are here,
And mountains high.
A river there;
A lake near by.

"Some houses here
With trees around.
Some people there
Upon the ground."

And that time Bobby Joe's countryside was not destroyed.



FOR HALLOWE'EN

THERE were Hallowe'en favors in the drug store windows. Bobby Jane and Bobby Joe caught sight of them in passing by. So they went home and asked if they could have some orange pumpkins to make into Jack-o'-lanterns for Hallowe'en.

Bobby Joe's mother sat right down at the tele-

phone. She called up the market man and said, "Hello, Mr. Market Man. Please send over two big orange pumpkins, one for Bobby Jane and the other for Bobby Joe. Yes, good ones to make into Jack-o'-lanterns, because that's what we want them for. You know, Mr. Market Man, big orange pumpkins. You know! Good-by!" And she hung up the telephone.

When the pumpkins came mother took a sharp knife. She cut, cut, cut, with the sharp knife. She cut lines around the tops of those big orange pumpkins, and she lifted off the tops by their stems.

Then she gave each child a spoon with which to scoop out the inside of the pumpkins; and she gave them each a bowl into which to empty the scoopings; and she said, "There! now run along out to the playground with your spoons and bowls and pumpkins!"

In the playground Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane began to work. Scoop, scoop, scoop; dig, dig, dig; scrape, scrape, scrape.

"It's easy!" exclaimed Bobby Joe. "It's soft and squishy and the spoon just slides in when you push!"

Scoop, scoop, scoop; dig, dig, dig; scrape, scrape, scrape!

"There are little seeds inside, too!" exclaimed Bobby Jane. "They're so close together! Out they come. Into the bowl they go. Plop, plop!"

Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane scooped and scooped and scooped; and dug and dug and dug; and scraped and scraped and scraped!

At last Bobby Joe cried, "Mine's done! It has nothing left but the shell."

And Bobby Jane cried, "Mine's done, too! It has nothing left but the shell."

"But I had mine done first," said Bobby Joe, "so *I*'ll go inside and ask mother to come out and cut the face parts for us. You know, Bobby Jane, the kind of face parts that Jack-o'-lanterns always have . . . eyes and a nose and a wide grinny mouth that stretches 'way from one ear to the other ear—so wide!"

Bobby Joe ran inside. He stayed for a long time. Bobby Jane kept wondering what was the matter. Why wasn't he back? Why hadn't he brought his mother to cut out the face parts of the pumpkins?

At last Bobby Jane saw him coming. But he wasn't running. He wasn't even walking fast. His face looked sad and disappointed. And his mother wasn't with him.

"Where's your mother?" called Bobby Jane. "Isn't she coming to cut out the face parts for us?"

"No," answered Bobby Joe, "she isn't coming. She's busy, she says, and she can't come now."

At that Bobby Jane looked sad, too—very sad and disappointed.

Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane sat down on the edge of the sand box. They looked straight in front of themselves with no smiles on their faces but with gloomy frowns instead—like this—terribly scowly, gloomy frowns. They weren't one single bit happy. No, they weren't.

And then, all of a sudden, Bobby Jane jumped up.

"I know what we can do," she exclaimed, and there was a brand new smile on her face. "We can play a game, a pumpkin game. Come on, I'll show you how."

But Bobby Joe kept right on frowning his terribly scowly, gloomy frown. He wouldn't smile at all, he wouldn't.

He watched Bobby Jane bring blocks from the playground, blocks and more blocks and more blocks. He watched her build. A block here and here and here—each one right next to the other. He watched her pile a block here and here and here—each one right on top of the other.

"It's going to be a station!" cried Bobby Jane. "A fine, grand station!"

But Bobby Joe couldn't see what a station had to do with pumpkins. He kept on frowning his terribly scowly, gloomy frown. He wouldn't smile at all, he wouldn't. He felt very grumpy.

"With pumpkins round I want to play
And not do other things to-day."

Imagine Bobby Jane bothering about a station! Imagine!

He watched Bobby Jane bring more blocks from the playground and build them here and here and here—each one right next to the other; and pile them here and here and here—each one right on top of the other. He heard her say, "This is going to be a store, it is. A fine, grand store."

But he couldn't see what a store had to do with pumpkins. He kept right on frowning his terribly scowly, gloomy frown. He wouldn't smile at all, he wouldn't. He felt very grumpy.

"With pumpkins round I want to play
And not do other things to-day."

Imagine Bobby Jane bothering about a station and a store! Imagine!

But Bobby Jane kept right on building. She brought still more blocks from the playground. She built them here and here and here; and here and here and here—each one right next to the other; but this time she did not pile them here or here or here, on top of each other.

"This is a fence," said Bobby Jane. "A fence that stretches all around a field!"

Bobby Joe couldn't see what a fence or a field had to do with pumpkins. He kept right on frown-

ing his terribly scowly, gloomy frown. He wouldn't smile at all, he wouldn't. He felt terribly grumpy.

"With pumpkins round I want to play,
And not do other things to-day."

Imagine Bobby Jane bothering about a station and a store and a field! Imagine!

Then he saw Bobby Jane stop building blocks and go into the garage. She brought out the velocipede and the express wagon and tied them together.

Bobby Joe couldn't see what a velocipede and express wagon had to do with pumpkins either.

He was more grumpy than ever when Bobby Jane called to him, "Come on, Bobby Joe, everything's ready. You bring your pumpkin here and I'll bring mine."

"No," he answered, "I don't want to!"

"Oh, come on," begged Bobby Jane.

"No," answered Bobby Joe.

"Why?" asked Bobby Jane. "Don't you want to play in my field with me?"

"No," Bobby Joe answered again. "What's a field?"

"Don't you know?" asked Bobby Jane. "This is the field where the pumpkins grow."

"Oh!" Bobby Joe exclaimed. He felt a little less grumpy. Still he had to argue, "But, Bobby Jane, what's a velocipede and express wagon?"

"Don't you know? Why, that's the train that takes the pumpkins to the city from the fields where they grow."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Bobby Joe. He felt even less grumpy. "But," he still had to argue, "what's a station?"

"Now, really, Bobby Joe, don't you know? The station's where the pumpkins go when they're taken to the city from the fields where they grow."

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Bobby Joe. He felt hardly at all grumpy now. Yet he still had to argue, "What's a store?"

"Why, Bobby Joe, you surely know! The store's where people buy the pumpkins that have come from the station in the city, after the train has brought them from the fields where they grow."

"I see," cried Bobby Joe. And somehow he didn't feel even a tiny bit grumpy any more. His scowly, gloomy frown was all gone, and instead there was a wide, broad smile on his face.

First Bobby Joe played that he was the farmer who planted the seeds and took care of the vines and watched the pumpkins as they grew in the field; and Bobby Jane played that she was the engineer who drove the train. And then Bobby Joe played that he was the man at the station who unloaded the pumpkins, and Bobby Jane was the market man. And then they turned about and Bobby Jane was

the farmer, and Bobby Joe was the engineer; and Bobby Jane the station man, and Bobby Joe the man at the market. They both forgot altogether about mother not coming out to cut the faces on their pumpkins. Yes, they forgot altogether, they were so busy playing their game.

"This is the field where the pumpkins grow,
This is the train in which they go.
This is the station where they're brought,
This is the market where they're bought."

Until there, without their having as much as caught sight of her, stood . . . mother.

"Well, well, well," said mother. "What's all this about?"

"We're playing a game," they answered.

"This is the field where the pumpkins grow,
This is the train in which they go.
This is the station where they're brought,
This is the market where they're bought."

They were so busy showing everything to mother that they forgot altogether to ask her to cut the face parts on their pumpkins—the eyes, the noses, and wide grinny mouths that would stretch from ear to ear. But mother didn't forget. She remembered, and she did it for them.

HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE WAS TRIMMED

ONCE there was a little boy who had a little green Christmas tree. Yes, he had a little green Christmas tree, but he had nothing with which to trim his tree to make it look really and truly Christmasy and gay.

"I want to trim my Christmas tree," he thought

to himself. "I do very much want to trim my Christmas tree. Now, let me think! What will I need for it? I'll need some glass balls, and some gold and silver paper stars, and some bright red, cheery candles to light. I'll need those things surely for my Christmas tree!"

So this little boy wrote some letters. (He was old enough to write!) And he mailed these letters himself at the post office. And the mail-train came along with a whistle and a ding-a-dong and many a puff, puff, puff, and carried the little boy's letters far, far away.

One letter went to a factory where glass was made. When the glass-maker-man opened it, he read:

"Please, Mr. Glass-man,
Make for me
Some balls of glass to-day,
To hang upon
My Christmas tree
And trim it bright and gay."

So Mr. Glass-man sent for some sand, a special kind of sand. He had the sand washed cleaner than clean, and ground finer than fine, and mixed and stirred and stirred with certain other things. Then he dumped it right into a huge tank.

In the tank he cooked and cooked it—until it

melted, melted, melted and didn't look one single bit like sand any more, but like WATER.

"Good!" said the glass-maker-man. "Now it's time for my glass-blowers to work!" So he called his glass-blowers to him.

He told them to get out their long pipes, and to blow *glass* bubbles out of the sand that was now all melted and watery. The glass-blowers did this in the same way that you blow soap-bubbles with your soap-bubble pipe. They dipped in their pipes and commenced to blow. Whh! Whh! They blew bubbles at the end of their pipes, only their bubbles didn't burst the way your soap-bubbles do. No, their bubbles grew colder and harder and harder until they were no longer bubbles, but . . . what do you think? Yes, GLASS BALLS.

Of course Mr. Glass-maker-man had to see to it, then, that the glass balls which his glass-blowers had blown were dipped into glisteny paint pots of all colors, green and red, and . . . blue, and . . . purple . . . and gold, and every other color that you can imagine. And he had to have little wire loops fastened into them so they could be hung on the tree.

Now, when the glass balls were finished and packed into boxes, and ready to be sent away, the glass-maker-man sat down and wrote a letter to the little boy. This is what it said:

"Here are glass balls for your tree,
To make it gay as gay can be."

In the meantime the second letter that the little boy had written and mailed at the post office had been taken far, far away by the train that came along with a whistle and a ding-a-dong and many a puff, puff, puff. The second letter went to a mill where paper was made. When the paper-maker-man opened it he read:

"Please, Paper-man,
Do make for me
Some shiny stars to-day,
To hang upon
My Christmas tree
And trim it bright and gay."

So the paper-man sent to the forest for some wooden logs. These he had chopped and chopped, and chipped and chipped, until they were all cut up into little small bits. Then he dumped them into a huge tank (along with certain other things) and cooked and cooked them until they didn't look one single bit like wood any more, but like MUSH.

After that Mr. Paper-man had this mushy stuff of his dried, and after that he sent it traveling through great big, enormous rollers that looked something like wash-wringers, only much, much, *much* bigger. These great, enormous rollers pressed

the pulp flat and rolled it out, and pressed it flat and rolled it out, and pressed it flatter and thinner, and flatter and thinner, until there, at last, it was turned into . . . PAPER.

Whirring, humming machines cut this paper into star shapes, into little stars and medium-sized stars and big stars. Gold and silver paint brightened the stars and made them glisteny and shiny.

Now, when the stars were finished and packed into boxes and ready to be sent away, the paper-maker-man sat down and wrote a letter to the little boy. This is what it said:

"Here are gilt stars for your tree,
To make it gay as gay can be."

In the meantime the third letter that the little boy had written and mailed at the post office had been taken far, far away by the train that came along with a whistle and a ding-a-dong and many a puff, puff, puff. It had gone to a factory where candles were made. When the candle-maker-man opened it, he read:

"Please, Candle-man,
Do make for me
Some candles red to-day,
To hang upon
My Christmas tree
And trim it bright and gay."

So the candle-maker-man sent for some wax and for some string. He cut the string into even lengths. Then he heated the wax until it turned runny and soft like syrup; and he mixed in some red coloring and stirred and stirred it well.

Then he took his red syrupy wax and poured and poured it first over one string and then over another string and then over another and another. Do you think it stuck to the strings, the way glue sticks? Well, it did! It stuck so tightly that soon the strings had coatings of wax all around them, and had been turned into . . . CANDLES.

Now, when the candles were finished and packed into boxes and ready to be sent away, the candle-maker-man sat down and wrote a letter to the little boy. This is what it said:

"Here are the candles for your tree,
To make it gay as gay can be."

The train that came from far, far away, and that ran along with a whistle and a ding-a-dong and many a puff, puff, puff, carried the bright red wax candles to the little boy, and it carried the gold and silver stars to the little boy, and it carried the shiny glass balls to the little boy.

He hung them on his Christmas tree,
To make it gay as gay could be.

* * *

And this is the story of the little boy who sent for some things with which to trim his Christmas tree. But Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane don't have to send so far away when they want decorations for their trees. No, they don't. The store-men do that for them. The store-men send to the factory-men for the glass balls and paper stars and wax candles, so that all Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane have to do when they want trimmings for their Christmas trees is to say to their mothers, "Please, may we have glass balls and paper stars and wax candles for our tree? Will you telephone to the store to send them over?" Which is much easier, isn't it?

And besides that, Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane make things to hang on their trees. They make chains and ornaments out of paper. They snip and cut and paste and fold. They make many lovely things. And, when all are finished,

> They hang them on their Christmas tree
> To make it gay as gay can be.

And so do you, don't you?

Part Three

HALF PRETEND

As YOU know, there was once a boy called Bobby Joe.

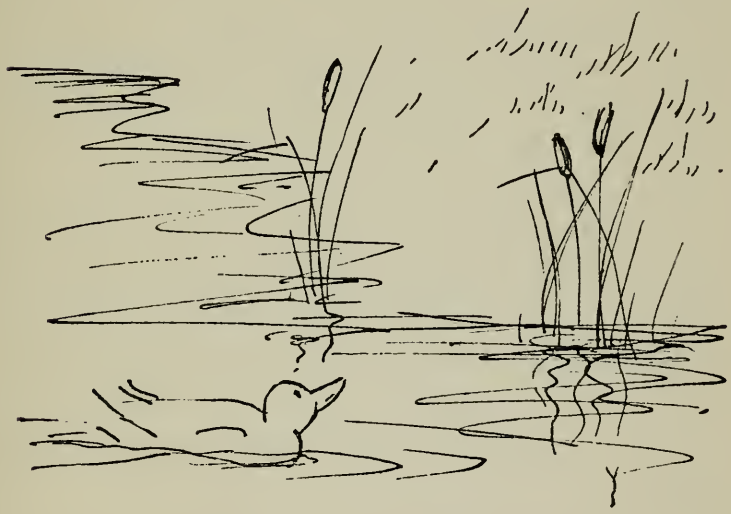
His mother knew many stories. Often she would tell him stories. And sometimes his friend Bobby Jane would come over from her house across the street, and she, too, would listen.

One day, after Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane and Bobby Joe's mother had been to Westlake Park to feed the ducks that swam in the lake, mother asked if Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane would like to hear a story about a very naughty and disobedient baby duck.

"Yes," said Bobby Joe. He wanted to hear the story.

"Yes," said Bobby Jane. She wanted to hear the story.

And so mother told them the story of that very naughty and dis-obedient baby duck whose name was—



WUNKY

ONCE there was a mammy duck who lived in Westlake Park. She had five little yellow baby ducklings. One, two, three, four, five. Their names were Quack, Wack, Puddledee, Puddledoo and Wunky. That's what their names were! They all lived in-

side a wire fence not far from the lake, and they had a little tiny pan of water to swim in.

One day Quack said to the mammy duck, "I'm tired of swimming in this little pan. I want to go for a swim in the lake." But the mammy duck answered, "No, Quack, you're still too small to go for a swim in the lake. Wait awhile until you grow bigger."

The next day Wack came to his mammy and said, "I want to go for a swim in the lake." But the mammy duck answered, "No, Wack, you're still too small to go for a swim in the lake. Wait until you grow bigger."

Then Puddledee and Puddledoo came together to their mammy and said, "Mammy, we want to go for a swim in the lake." But the mammy duck answered them in the same way, saying, "No, Puddledee and Puddledoo, you're still too small to go for a swim in the lake. Wait until you grow bigger."

And finally Wunky came to his mammy duck and said, "I want to go for a swim in the lake." Only he said it in a loud and very de-cided tone of voice, "I WANT TO GO FOR A SWIM IN THE LAKE."

"No," answered his mammy, "Wunky, you're still too small."

"I AM NOT," said Wunky.

"Why, Wunky!" said mammy duck. "Why, Wunky! I *am* surprised! Didn't you understand what I said, Wunky? You're *still too small* to go for a swim in the lake. You'll have to wait until you grow bigger," and mammy duck waddled off with her head in the air.

Wunky looked after her. Then he started to mumble to himself, "I wanta go swimming, I wanta go swimming, I wanta go swimming, I wanta go. I'm going to go swimming, I'm going to go swimming, I'm going to go."

He lifted his two yellow little wings and tried to fly over the wire fence. But he couldn't. He tried again, but it was no use, he couldn't. Then he started to walk around the inside of the fence, looking longingly at the water. Every once in a while he would stand still and poke his yellow bill through the fence wire, and look more longingly than ever at the water. Once he got really angry as he stood with his bill poking through the fence wire and he pushed and pushed as hard as ever he could, pressing forward with all his might and main.

"ZZZipp, rrrrip," went the wire, and Wunky felt himself tumbling forward! And the next thing he knew, there he was sprawling on his back on the grass OUTSIDE the fence. You see, he had pushed so hard he had ripped a big hole in the wire and had fallen through.

Behind him was the fence. In front of him lay the lake. There was no longer anything between Wunky and the water. He glanced back quickly to see if his mammy had noticed what had happened. But she wasn't looking. So away he hurried, down to the water's edge. He waded in.

"Is it nice?" he wondered, as his feet went into the water.

"Is it nice?" he wondered, as his legs went into the water.

"Is it nice?" he wondered, as his wings went into the water.

"It *is* nice," he thought, as *all* of him went in.

"Splash!" into the lake he went. The water was cool and pleasant and Wunky found that he could swim easily—paddle, paddle—with his webbed feet.

He swam and swam and swam. He was happy and gay to be swimming!

Pretty soon he came to the boathouse. He could see a whole line of white rowboats tied to their posts. He could see other boats starting out over the blue water carrying people who rowed and rowed with drip-dripping oars.

"I like this," thought Wunky. "I'm glad I came out to swim in the lake." And he went past the boathouse feeling happy and gay.

He swam and swam and swam until, a way fur-

ther on, he came to a merry-go-round. He could see the merry-go-round running merrily 'round and 'round. He could see how the children rode on its wooden horses, up and down. He could hear its jolly music playing.

"I like this, I do!" thought Wunky. "I'm glad I came out to swim in the lake!" and he went past the merry-go-round feeling happy and gay.

He swam and swam and swam. He went further and further. He kept on and on until, after a long, long time, he commenced to feel tired.

"I feel tired. I feel very tired. I feel really and truly most terribly tired," he said. "I think I'll turn around and go home."

So Wunky turned around. He expected soon to find the merry-go-round with its wooden horses and jolly music. He expected soon to find the boathouse with its rowboats. But he swam and swam, and couldn't seem to find them.

He grew tireder and tireder, and more and more tired. He swam and swam and swam and swam for the longest, longest, *enormously* longest time. He swam till he was so tired he ached from the tip of his yellow bill to the tip of his yellow tail. But still he couldn't find the merry-go-round or the boathouse and—worst of all—he couldn't find his HOME. Just think, he couldn't find his home. He was *lost.*

"Quack, Quack!" called Wunky in the saddest, weariest, dreariest way,

"Quack, quack," he called, "quack, quack!
I want my mammy back."

He wasn't a bit happy and gay. He wished—oh, how he did wish!—that he hadn't come out to swim in the lake.

But what could he do? He just had to go on swimming and swimming.

He swam and he swam until, all of a sudden, whom do you think he spied coming toward him? . . . No, it wasn't his mammy. It was . . . Quack and Wack. They had found the hole he'd made in the wire fence. They had wriggled through. And they too had slid—splash—into the cold, clear lake.

Wunky paddled up to them, crying out,

"Qu-aack, brother ducks, quack, quack!
I want my mammy back."

He hoped that Quack and Wack would show him the way home right away. But instead—what do you suppose? Quack and Wack both started to cry,

"Whatever shall we do?
We've lost our mammy too."

And with that they turned and swam beside Wunky, feeling just as really, truly, terribly, awfully tired and sad.

So Wunky and Quack and Wack swam and swam and swam. And then, whom do you think they spied coming toward them? It was . . . Puddledee and Puddledoo. They, too, had found the hole in the fence. They, too, had wriggled through. And they, too, had slid—splash—into the cold, clear lake.

Wunky and Quack and Wack called out to them,

"Qu-aack, brother ducks, quack, quack!
We want our mammy back."

But Puddledee and Puddledoo could only answer,

"Whatever shall we do?
We've lost our mammy too."

"Whatever shall we do?" wept Wunky.

"Whatever shall we do?" wept Quack.

"Whatever shall we do?" wept Wack.

"Whatever shall we do?" wept Puddledee and Puddledoo.

And goodness knows what they would have done if at that very moment they had not spied . . . yes, their mammy coming toward them.

Oh, but they were glad to see her! It didn't take them long to promise her to be good little ducks from then on. And you may well believe that they didn't ever again try to slip through the fence until she told them that they were old enough to go swimming in the lake.

On Easter morning Bobby Joe was to have an Easter hunt in his garden.

He had invited Bobby Jane to the hunt, and he had invited several other children.

But when they came, instead of running outside right away to find the hidden Easter eggs, what do you suppose they did? They all came inside and sat down and listened while Bobby Joe's mother told them this story about—

LITTLE WHITE BUNNY AND HOW HE CHANGED

ONCE there lived a little white bunny. He was just a plain little white bunny, but he wanted to be an Easter bunny, that's what he wanted to be. Only, he didn't know how. He was very sad about it, he wanted so badly to be an Easter bunny. He would sit all day long in front of his rabbit-hutch with a

woeful face, and to everyone who passed his way he would call out and say:

"An Easter bunny I want to be,
Please, oh, please, won't you help me?"

Now, one day a tiny gray mouse came running by, pitter patter, pitter patter. Little plain bunny saw him. Little plain bunny called to him,

"An Easter bunny I want to be,
Please, oh, please, won't you help me?"

But the tiny gray mouse didn't stop for even a minute. He answered by calling over his shoulder,

"I'm busy going pitter pat,
I have enough to do;
I'm busy going pitter pat,
And have no time for you."

And he left the little plain bunny behind, sitting all, all alone in front of his rabbit-hutch with a woeful face.

Sadder and sadder grew the little plain bunny. He kept thinking and thinking of how very, very, VERY much he wanted to be an Easter bunny.

Pretty soon along came a busy bee. She was flying from flower to flower, gathering honey.

"Oh, busy bee," cried the bunny, "maybe you'll

stop for a few minutes to tell me something. Please, please do!

"An Easter bunny I want to be,
Please, oh, please, won't you help me?"

But the busy bee kept right on flying from flower to flower, gathering honey. She did not stop, even for a moment. She answered by calling over her wings as she went on her way,

"I'm busy going buzz, buzz, buzz,
I have enough to do;
I'm busy going buzz, buzz, buzz,
And have no time for you."

And she left the little plain bunny behind, sitting all, all alone in front of his rabbit-hutch with a woeful face.

The little plain bunny grew sadder and sadder still. He grew SO SAD. How he did wish, and wish, and *wish* that he might become a real Easter bunny.

Suddenly he spied a green tree-frog, hopping by.

"Oh, green tree-frog," he called, "maybe you can tell me what I'd like to know.

"An Easter bunny I want to be,
Please, oh, please, won't you help me?"

But the green tree-frog kept right on his way, hop, hop, hop, on his way, as he called back,

"I'm busy going hop, hop, hop,
I have enough to do;
I'm busy going hop, hop, hop,
And have no time for you."

And he, too, left the little plain bunny behind, sitting all, all alone in front of his rabbit-hutch with a woeful face.

"Whatever shall I do?" moaned the little plain bunny. "Whatever shall I do? Here I want to be an Easter bunny and I don't know how to turn into one and nobody will help me. Whatever shall I do?" And the big tears commenced to fall plop, plop, on the grass around him.

He kept on crying and crying until, all of a sudden, he heard a sound from overhead. The sound went, "Cheep, cheep."

"Why, that's Mrs. Mother Bird," thought the bunny. "She's sitting on her eggs to keep them warm so they'll hatch into baby birds. Maybe *she* can tell me what to do." And he called up to her,

"An Easter bunny I want to be,
Please, oh, please, won't you help me?"

"Cheep, cheep, cheep," answered the mother bird angrily. "Haven't you any sense, the way you've been bothering all those creatures who are so busy moving, moving, that they've no time to think? All *I* do the whole day through is to sit and sit and think

and think! So why didn't you ask ME sooner? Foolish! Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" wailed the little plain bunny. "Can't you help me either?"

"Who said I couldn't?" snapped the mother bird. "Maybe if you dry those tears, and talk in a happy voice, and ask me politely, why, maybe, then I'll have something to tell you."

So the little plain bunny dried his tears and made his voice as happy as he could, and politely asked the mother bird, "Could you please tell me now?"

"Yes, I can and I will," said the mother bird, more pleasantly. "This is what you have to do. Listen carefully, because if you don't do it just right, you might as well not do it at all. First, you sit up on your hind legs. Then you wiggle your nose; and you flop your left ear; and you flip your right ear. Then you wig wag wiggle your front legs up and down; and hop hop on your back legs. And last of all you—eat—a—snowdrop. And then you make your wish, and—*something will happen!*"

"But me, oh, my!" cried the little plain bunny, commencing to weep again. "But me, oh, my! How can I find a snowdrop this time of year? It's not *winter* time, you know. Me, oh, my! Me, oh, my!"

"Stop it, stop it!" scolded Mrs. Mother Bird. "Stop it and be sensible. You have two perfectly good eyes. Use them, I tell you! USE YOUR EYES!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked the bunny.

But he got no answer, for just at that moment something very exciting had started to happen up in mother bird's nest. Can you imagine what? One of her eggs had commenced to hatch, so that she had no time right then to talk any more to the bunny.

"She won't talk to me!" he cried. "Dear, oh, dear! What shall I do?"

He tried to think.

"Let me see," he whispered. "What was the last thing she said? 'USE YOUR EYES!' Yes, that's what she said. Now, what on earth can that mean?"

He looked very puzzled.

" 'USE YOUR EYES!' Use your eyes," he kept repeating over and over. "Use your eyes!"

And then all at once he had an idea.

"Use your eyes! Why that means LOOK AROUND, doesn't it? I guess *that* must be what she means for me to do."

So he started to look around. He looked on this side. He looked on that side. He looked all around. Suddenly he spied a little white flower with green spots on its white petals. It was growing near his rabbit-hutch. His eyes almost *jumped* out of his head when he saw it.

"A snowdrop!" he cried. "A snowdrop. That's the name of that flower. Why, *that* must be the kind of snowdrop I'm supposed to eat. Hurray, hurray!

Now, I can do all the things mother bird told me to do."

So he sat up on his hind legs. Then he wiggled his nose; and he flopped his left ear; and he flipped his right ear. Then he wig wag wiggled his front legs up and down; and he hop hopped on his back legs. And then he gobbled up the snowdrop, and made his wish.

"An Easter bunny I want to be," the little plain bunny wished with all his heart.

And then—sure enough—something did happen.

He felt a funny feeling at the top of his head, and pop! all of a sudden, there on his head was a little black hat. He felt a funny feeling in his neck, and pop! there around his neck was a white collar tied with a red polka-dotted bow-tie. He felt a funny feeling all along his arms and chest and shoulders, and pop! there he had on a snug blue jacket. He had a funny feeling in his legs, and pop! there he had on a fine pair of red trousers. He had a funny feeling in his feet, and pop! on his feet came two shiny black shoes. And there he was, no longer a plain little bunny, but an Easter bunny for sure.

And, being an Easter bunny, he suddenly knew all about many things. He knew where he could find loads and loads of Easter eggs. He knew, too, that a little boy lived near who wanted very much to have

an Easter hunt. So off he ran as fast as he could run to hide Easter eggs in the little boy's garden. He was happy, so very happy, that he was an Easter bunny at last and not a plain little bunny any more.

* * *

The story was over. Mother smiled. "Whose garden do you think the bunny went to?" she asked the children.

"Mine," cried Bobby Joe.

"Yes," laughed mother. "And look, he left some little baskets for you to gather the Easter eggs in. Can you see where he has hidden the eggs? I can see one outside under the rose-bush and another under the lilac-tree. Run along, and find them all. Here are your baskets, and there you go!"

And another time, after Bobby Joe had spent a lovely day in the country visiting a real farm, mother told him this story about—

SPOOFY AND THE BIG WHITE MONSTER

All the good quiet animals who usually lived so peacefully on Shady Tree Farm were in a dreadful uproar.

"Moo-oo!" went the cows, stretching their necks to the sky.

"Wunk, wunk!" went the pigs, bumping against each other.

"Hee-ee!" whinnied the horses, prancing around.

"Baaa!" went the sheep, huddling together.

In the chicken yard old rooster cried, "Cockadoodle-doo!" and clucking hens scolded, "Cut-cut-cawk!" and little fluffy chicks twittered, "Peep-cheep-cheep!"

While Spoofy, the dog, ran back and forth, yelping and barking and growling at a horrible rate.

"Yip-yap, woof-woof, grrr!" went Spoofy.

They were all so excited, for, there! up in the sky, a huge white thing was flying over them. It was making a tremendously loud noise. It was going, "ZZZummmmmZZZummmmZZZummmm."

None of them knew what it was. They didn't know, as you do, that it was an . . . airplane. They didn't know, you see, because they had never seen an airplane before.

"Moo-oo!" went the cows. "What is it?"

"Wunk, wunk!" went the pigs. "What is it?"

"Hee-ee!" went the horses. "What is it?"

"Baa-aa!" went the sheep. "What is it?"

"Cockadoodle-doo! cut-cut-cawk!" and "peep-cheep-cheep!" went the chickens. "What is it?"

"Yip-yap, woof-woof!" barked Spoofy. "I wonder what it is. It looks like gray hawk who flies in the sky and suddenly swoops down to catch and eat

some of our chickens. Yip-yap, woof-woof, it looks like gray hawk it does, only it's much, much bigger. I wonder if it will swoop down to catch and eat chickens."

And then Spoofy had an idea that made him dash and bark faster and louder than ever.

"Yip-yap, woof-woof!" went Spoofy. "If that huge white monster does swoop down, it's so big, it may catch and *eat* bigger animals than chickens. Yip-yap, it may catch and eat ME."

And he ran to the cows and he cried, "It may *eat* YOU!"

And he ran to the pigs and cried, "It may *eat YOU!*"

And he ran to the horses and cried, "It may *eat YOU!*"

And to the sheep and cried, "It may *eat YOU!*"

And, of course, when the chickens heard this they knew without being told that if the huge white monster ate bigger things it could catch and eat them also.

So they were all very frightened.

"Yip-yap, woof-woof!" barked Spoofy. "We'd better all *run* and *hide*."

So the cows ran to hide in their barn. And the pigs ran to hide in their sties. And the horses ran to hide in their stable. And the sheep ran to hide in their shed. And the chickens, big and small, scurried

off into their chicken coops. While Spoofy ran to the nearest hiding place he could find. And that happened to be—where do you suppose? Why, right under the hay wagon. From there he kept one curious little black eye on the great white monster.

He watched it flying right above. He watched it swoop and swerve and circle and curve. It was coming down nearer, nearer—closer, closer. The whole of Spoofy's little black body shook and trembled. What was the great white monster going to do next, the way it was coming closer and closer? Was it getting ready to pounce down and eat him up?

"Grrr!" growled Spoofy, trying to keep up his courage.

And then, all of a sudden Spoofy's growl changed.

"Yip-yap, woof!" barked Spoofy. "I do believe the monster has stopped coming closer. Yes, so it has!" And Spoofy's head came out from under the hay wagon.

"Yip-yap, woof!" barked Spoofy. "I do believe the monster's turning away. Yes, so it is!" And Spoofy's front feet came out from under the hay wagon.

"Yip-yap, woof!" barked Spoofy. "I do believe the monster's going further and further and further away. Yes, so it is," and Spoofy's back feet came out from under the hay wagon.

"Yip-yap, woof, woof, WOOF!" barked Spoofy. "The monster's going, the monster's going. And *now*, the monster's GONE!" And with a big jump Spoofy's little black tail came out from under the hay wagon.

Quickly he ran to tell the other animals that the great white monster had gone. The cows came out of their barn. And the pigs came out of their sties. And the horses came out of their stable. And the sheep came out of their shed. And the rooster and hens and little chicks scuttled and scrambled around in their hurry to get out of their coops. They were all so relieved to hear that at last the great white monster had flown away.

"But the great white monster might come back," thought Spoofy. "And then what will we do? I think I'd better go ask Boy."

As soon as Boy saw Spoofy he knew that something was the matter.

"Why, Spoofy," said Boy, "you look scared, you poor little doggie!"

And then all of a sudden Boy started to laugh. "I'll bet I know the trouble. You were scared of the airplane, weren't you? Funny little silly, did you think it was going to *eat* you up?"

And Boy patted and comforted Spoofy. "Airplanes don't eat animals. Airplanes are nice!"

"Woof!" went Spoofy. His tail commenced to

wiggle-wag, his feet began to dance and jump. He felt so glad and happy.

Like a streak he ran, ran, ran back to tell the other animals.

"The monster wasn't a monster, after all," barked Spoofy. "It was a nice good airplane. Boy said so."

"Moo-oo!" went the cows. "It was an airplane, not a monster."

"Wunk, wunk!" went the pigs. "It was an airplane, not a monster."

"Hee-ee!" went the horses. "It was an airplane, not a monster."

"Baa-aa!" went the sheep. "It was an airplane, not a monster."

"Cockadoodle-doo! cut-cut-cawk!" and "peep-cheep-cheep!" went the chickens. "It was an airplane, not a monster."

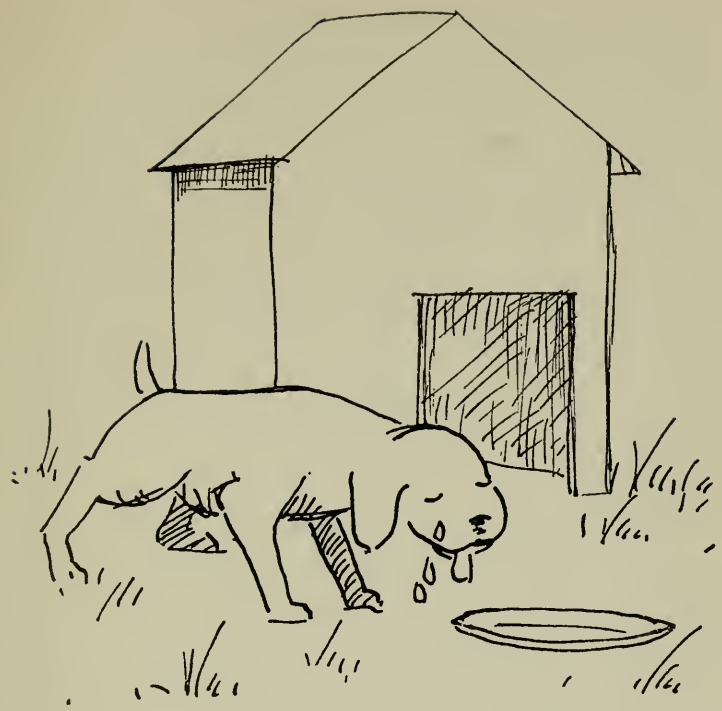
"And it won't eat you, or you, or you, or you!" barked Spoofy. "*And it won't eat me either.*"

But Bobby Joe had known that right from the beginning.

And you? Why, you knew too, didn't you?

Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane both liked dogs. They liked to pat and pat them. They liked to feel their little cool noses and watch them wag their tails. Bobby Joe and Bobby Jane knew that when dogs wagged their tails it meant they were . . . happy.

But mother knew a story about a little dog who wasn't so happy. It was the story of—



WHIFFLE AND THE MASTODONIC BONE

Once there was a little black dog whose name was Whiffle. He was a sad little black dog, he was, because, although he had a house, he had no home. There's a difference you know, yes, a very great difference between a house and a home. Food goes with a home, and Whiffle had no food. That's why his house was not a home. No food at all. No food. So

Whiffle did nothing but sniffle and look very, very sad.

He sat and sniffled, and sat and sniffled, and sat and sniffled. His eyes grew tearier and tearier, and his stomach grew emptier and emptier, and his tail wouldn't wag at all. No, his tail wouldn't wag at all. And that's a very bad sign, as you know, if you know anything about little black dogs.

He sat for a day, and he sat for another day, and for half of another. And then, what do you think? A wind came along and the wind carried a message to Whiffle.

Sniffle, sniffle went his nose—a new and different sort of sniffle—because he had caught the wind's message, the smell of a bone—a luscious, scrumptious, lumptious bone.

Scitter scatter, scitter scatter, Whiffle's short little black legs streaked over the ground. Oh, how he did run! He ran and he ran and he ran. Nearer and nearer came that delicious smell. Bigger and better grew that smell, until all of a sudden Whiffle stopped —right still—so still—nothing moving except his little red tongue, and that hung out of his mouth and wiggled for joy.

"Sniffle!" Whiffle's nose told him that he had come to the bone. "Here's the bone," said Whiffle's nose. "Here it is, right here!"

"But," said Whiffle's eyes, "we don't see it."

"And," said Whiffle's ears, "we don't hear it."

"Foolish," said Whiffle's sense, "you never *hear* bones."

"Oh, yes," said Whiffle's ears, "you most certainly do. Bones scrunch."

"Stop arguing," said Whiffle's legs, "we know where the bone is, we do. Come on, feet, get busy." So, scritch scratch, scritch scratch, Whiffle's feet commenced to dig.

"Good feet!" encouraged Whiffle's nose. "Good feet!" For the wet little black nose knew that the bone was RIGHT THERE, under the ground where those feet were digging.

Scritch scratch, scritch scratch, harder and faster went those feet. They dug and they dug and they dug.

"Sniffle, sniffle," went Whiffle's nose. "That bone smells nearer, but not *much* nearer. What, oh, what is the trouble?"

"We've never, never dug so fast and so hard for a bone before," answered the feet, "and we're getting tired."

"Don't get tired. Plea-ease don't get tired!" cried Whiffle's hungry, empty stomach. "Please, feet, dig and dig and dig and *dig!* Please, go on digging."

"We're getting tired, more tired, more tired, *so* tired—" said the feet, "we just can't go on digging."

And with that Whiffle sat down. Oh, he was sad, he was! A bone so near and yet so far away!

"It must be deep, deep down in the ground," thought Whiffle. "Much too far down. Oh, oh, oh! and I'm so hungry!"

And then suddenly Whiffle's ears stood straight up to listen. What was that new sound they had heard?

"Kerrump, kerrump, kerrump." Closer, nearer, louder, clearer came the sound. "Kerrump, kerrump, kerrump."

"Whosit? Whatsit?" Whiffle wondered.

And then he saw . . . a great e-normous steam-shovel. It was rumbling along down the street.

Jump, jump, dash, dash, Whiffle ran right up to the shovel. "Wuff, wuff," he barked. "Hello, you steam-shovel. You're just what I need, you are!"

"FWWFFst," the shovel blew off steam. "How do you mean you need me? Who are you anyway?"

"I'm Whiffle."

"FWWFFST," blew the shovel. "So you are, are you? But you don't look a much."

"Wuff, wuff, of course I don't look a much," answered Whiffle. "And soon I'll look a much less because I'm getting thinner and thinner and thinner. But, I ask you, how can I help it with nothing at all to eat?"

Whiffle was so sad that the steam-shovel's very warm tender heart was touched.

"Drip, drip," went its water spout. "Drip, drip, boo-hoo, I'm sorry for you, poor little black doggie. I'd give you some of my oil to eat if I thought it would do you any good. I'd help you if I could. Drip, drip, I would."

"Wuff, wuff, you can. You surely can," said Whiffle, and he told the steam-shovel about the bone that was buried deep, deep down under the ground.

"Listen," said Whiffle. "You could dig it up for me if you would."

"I *will*," answered the shovel.

With that it reversed on its base, and "kerrump, kerrump," it rumbled up onto the lot.

Whiffle ran ahead to point to the place where the bone was buried.

"Right here," cried Whiffle. "Exactly right here."

"Ya-ha!", snorted the steam-shovel, and "chuga-chugchug," it started to dig. It dug and dug and panted and dug, until at last, deep, deep down, its teeth scratched against the bone.

"Yip, yip, yap!" Whiffle barked for joy and danced and pranced on his four little black feet.

"Ya-ha, bone, here you are!" cried the steam-shovel and lifted out the longest, biggest, scrunch-iest, munchiest, mastodonic bone.

"Yip, yip, yap! Yip, yip, yap!" Whiffle's little red tongue licked his black nose. "I never, never ever saw such a huge, huge mastodonic bone."

"Thubadub, thubadub," chuckled the steam-shovel. "You can take it home with you, Whiffle, and eat it three times a day for three years, it's *such* a huge mastodonic bone."

But at that Whiffle's little red tongue went suddenly in, and his little black mouth snapped suddenly shut. He showed clearly that he was very upset. He dashed and he ran around that bone, faster and faster, until at last he sat down and whined to the shovel, "That bone's five, six, seven, eight times bigger'n I am. I couldn't possibly carry it home! And I'm a home-loving dog, I am; and I don't want to go blocks and blocks away from my house for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day for three years!"

"Thubadub," chuckled the shovel. "If that's all that's bothering you, I just wouldn't bother."

"But why not bother?" asked Whiffle.

"Ya-ha, because of my brother," answered the steam-shovel.

"Your brother?" Whiffle was very puzzled. He didn't see what the steam-shovel's brother had to do with it. He didn't know, you see, who the shovel's brother was. But he soon found out.

"Ya-ha," snorted the shovel. "Here comes my brother now."

Whiffle looked and saw—yes, Whiffle saw—what do you suppose? . . . A great e-normous dump-truck, that's what Whiffle saw. And before Whiffle could believe his eyes, the great e-normous steam-shovel had loaded the great e-normous mastodonic bone onto the great e-normous dump-truck.

"Yip, yap, wuff, wuff," jump, jump, and Whiffle was up beside the bone. They rode clattery, ratteley all the way, for blocks and blocks until they came to Whiffle's house. And there the truck dumped Whiffle and the bone.

And that was how the little black dog whose name was Whiffle came by the huge mastodonic bone that fed him three times a day for three years. And that was how his house turned into a home. And that was how his stumpy tail commenced to wag and wag and wag, which is a very good sign, as you know if you know anything at all about little black dogs.

Bobby Joe sang,

"I like to see
The airplane fly.
I like to watch
The trains go by.

"I like to look
At things that run.
I really think
They're lots of fun."

And so, because mother knew he and Bobby Jane liked engines and airplanes and other fast-running things, she told them this story about—

THE NEW AIRPLANE

THE airplane factory stood right next to the railroad yard. It was building its very first new airplane. Tap, tap, tap, went the hammers of the workmen who were helping to build the new airplane. Zuzzz, zuzzz, zuzzzz, went their saws. Clickety-clack went their tools against the metal parts that

were being put together to make the new plane—clickety-clack.

The whole time the new airplane was being built it watched the railroad yard and the streets around. It watched all the many things that came and went to and fro—the trucks and the street cars and the automobiles and the trains. The new airplane thought they were all so wonderful, the way they could go. Its greatest wish was that someday it, too, would be able to go, because, you see, it didn't know whether or not it *ever* would.

The new airplane saw the trucks that drove up to the railroad yard. It saw trucks loading trunks and suit-cases and big boxes and little boxes onto the baggage cars of the trains. It saw trucks loading sacks and wooden crates onto the freight cars. It saw trucks loading boards and bricks and pipes and rock onto the flat cars. And sometimes it saw trucks loading even *live* animals onto the trains! Yes, cows, and sheep, and . . . chickens, and . . . horses, too.

The new airplane would look with great wonder at the trucks rumbling to and fro. It marveled at the way the trucks could go. So every time it saw one pass it would sigh,

"Thumpety thump,
Bumpety bump,
How I wish I could go like that!"

Because, as you remember, the new airplane didn't know whether it *ever* would be able to go.

The new airplane saw the street cars that ran by, taking passengers to and from the trains. It saw street cars stopping at the station to let off people who were going away on the trains. It saw street cars leaving the station carrying home people who had come off the trains.

The new airplane noticed that the street cars moved faster than the trucks. It would look with great wonder at how they went swinging along their tracks to and fro. It marveled at the way they could go. So every time it saw one pass it would sigh,

"Ding-a-dong,
Swish along,
How I wish I could go like that!"

Because, as you remember, the new airplane didn't know whether it *ever* would be able to go.

The new airplane saw the taxis and automobiles that ran by, taking other passengers to and from the trains. "Honk, honk," would go the autos and taxis zig-zagging in and out. With a squeaking of brakes they would stop at the station. With a jjjerrring of motors they would start off again.

The new airplane noticed that the taxis and automobiles moved faster than the street cars and the trucks. It would look with great wonder at them

dashing to and fro. It marveled at the way they could go. So every time it saw one pass it would sigh,

"Wush, sush, sushsh,
Autos rush,
How I wish I could go like that!"

Because, as you remember, the new airplane didn't know whether it *ever* would be able to go.

But most of all the new airplane liked to watch the trains. It liked to hear their whistles blowing. It liked to see their smoke-stacks puffing out smoke, and their bells rocking back and forth, and their powerful iron wheels speeding, speeding 'round and 'round.

The new airplane noticed that the engines ran faster than the automobiles and taxis and street cars and trucks. It would look with great wonder at the trains flashing and speeding over the rails to and fro. It marveled at the way the trains could go. So every time it saw one pass it would sigh,

"Choo choo choo,
Toot toot too,
How I wish I could go like YOU!"

Because, as you remember, the new airplane didn't know whether it *ever* would be able to go.

Tap, tap, tap, went the hammers of the workmen who were helping to build the new airplane. Zuzzz,

zuzzz, zuzzzz, went their saws. Clickety-clack went their tools against the metal parts that were being put together to make the new plane—clickety-clack—until one fine day the new airplane was finished.

There it stood all bright and shining in the sunlight. Its wings spread wide on either side.

Along came a man and climbed up over the wing and into the cock-pit.

"What's he going to do to me?" wondered the airplane.

But it didn't have to wonder long to see.

"BrrrrRRRRRRRRRUMMMMMMMMMM," the airplane's propeller started. 'Round and 'round it whirred, 'round and 'round.

And then, all at once the new airplane felt its wheels beginning to move over the ground.

What on earth was happening? It could scarcely believe its wheels. Was it really truly moving? Was its dearest wish *actually* coming true?

Faster, faster! The wheels were whirling over the ground. Faster, faster! The wheels were skimming over the ground. Faster, faster! The wheels were barely touching the ground. Faster, faster! The wheels were LEAVING the ground.

Up, up, up, soared the airplane.

Excitement made it tremble. It still couldn't believe that it was really, truly moving. It still didn't realize that it could actually go.

It looked down.

There, right below, it saw a truck running along.

"Why," gasped the airplane, "I'm going faster than the truck."

And there it saw a street car running along.

"Why," gasped the airplane, "I'm going faster than the street car."

And there it saw an automobile running along.

"Why," gasped the airplane, "I'm going faster than the automobile."

And there, below, it spied a train.

The train was flashing, dashing at full speed along its track, but, even so, up above in the sky the plane was whizzing faster still.

At last, at last, the new airplane realized that it was moving. Yes, at last, it knew that it could GO.

It throbbed with joy from the nose of its propeller to the tip of its tail. It could go fast, fast, FAST. It could skim through the sky.

"Zzzzummmmzzz, zzzummmm,
Way up high!
I'm glad, I'm glad, that I can fly!"

sang the new airplane in triumph.